Together

Facing Change in Rural Iowa

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Does Your Church Say Hello?

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families May 1961

WHEEL-CHAIR WORSHIP AT METHODISM'S OLDEST HOSPITAL

(See page 62)

Their job done, these ladies are glad to turn carpentering tools back to the men. They're beside the refurbished church.

'And So We Wo

Maine housewives turn carpenters

SOUTH ROBBINSTON, Maine, nestles against the Canadian border and overlooks Passamaquoddy Bay, where most of its menfolk fish for sardines in waters churned by 20-foot tides and chill salt winds. Because less than five months separate the spring thaw and the first frost, most outdoor activity is crowded into this brief span. So, when Methodist women of the tiny fishing village wanted a kitchen and a new vestry roof for their church, they gave the men a hand to get the job done inexpensively and on time.

The project was no lark to be abandoned when the novelty wore off. Menfolk helped when they could, but the women took charge and did much of the work themselves. Wielding hammers and saws between shifts as packers at the sardine cannery, they ripped off old shingles, nailed on new ones, and built the new kitchen wing.

The labor of love did not stop at carpentry. The women held rummage sales, baked-bean suppers, and quilting bees to pay for lumber, shingles, and other supplies. Displaying typical New England thrift, they yanked nails from the old shingles and straightened them for re-use. A kitchen stove was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Slack, who run the village store.

In charge of the refurbishing were Mrs. Stella Johnson, Mrs. Florence Johnson, and Mrs. Helen Cleland. Their pastor was the Rev. George Broadherd, since transferred to another charge.

If the women look proud in the pictures on these pages, it's because they are—and rightly so. They posed happily for TOGETHER's photographer and had great fun again donning work clothes and brandishing hammer and saw to show other Methodists "how we women did it." Then they treated the visiting cameraman to a fresh-lobster dinner. Still smacking his lips, he returned to the editorial office with these photos—and with great respect for Yankee ingenuity as practiced in South Robbinston, Maine.

Attacking the job en masse, the lady carpenters found the work went quickly and pleasantly.

Did It!'

rove their church.

The Rev. T. M. Blanchard says grace before the South Robbinston congregation digs into a Down East banquet prepared in the new kitchen. This year they'll celebrate the church's 150th birthday.

TOGETHER, May 1961. Vol. V, No. 5. Published monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Subscriptions: All Family Plan through your local church, $2.60 a year; individual, $4 a year. Single copies: 50c. Second-class postage has been paid at Nashville, Tenn. Copyright 1961 by Lovick Pierce, Publisher.

Daddy!

I can do that!

The original painting of the cross in February Together *evoked no more wonderful response than this. . . .*

Six-year-old Roger Koon, talented son of the pastor of Shawville, Pa., Methodist Church, took one look at the original painting of the cross that appeared in the February issue of TOGETHER and exclaimed those words that make up our headline:

"Daddy, I can do that!"

Roger, pictured above as he looked last month in his schoolroom, went to work with a dedicated and uninhibited zeal. Humble, with no admonitions such as "you couldn't possibly," Roger did very well indeed. For you see, it is Roger's crayon-and-watercolor reproduction that appears on the facing page. (For your own reference, a black-and-white, reduced-size reproduction of the original appears above the picture of Roger.)

Spiritual renewal and spiritual outreach are the foundation of The Quadrennial Program of The Methodist Church. Spiritual renewal and spiritual outreach are also the foundation of TOGETHER's service to your church. That is why little Roger Koon's inspiration and its happy, colorful result seemed to deserve the emphasis given them here.

When Methodism's own official family magazine can reach out and touch the heart of a small boy, could there be a finer influence for the *whole* family?

As *you* read this story about Roger and how he took the eloquent message of the cross into his heart, stop a minute, and think—isn't there a family, or a friend, or a person ill or in need who would be uplifted by their *own* copy of TOGETHER every month?

Do, in turn, what TOGETHER did for Roger Koon. Lift up a weary soul, warm a heart that has a spiritual hunger. Print the name of that family or that person and their address on the coupon below, and mail it to us *today* along with your check or money order. The year of Christian influence and inspiration that this will send will give assurance that you are taking part in a vital program of Methodist outreach.

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"Because I was nervous—a 'Grumpy Grandpa'—my doctor started me on Postum."

"My grandchildren made me realize how irritable and nervous I was. 'Gee, Grandpa's grumpy!' I heard them whispering. Was there something wrong with my nerves?

"The doctor didn't think so. He asked if I'd been sleeping well. I hadn't. Then he asked if I'd been drinking lots of coffee. I had. It seems many people can't take the caffein in coffee and I'm one of them. Change to Postum, the doctor advised. It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake.

"Did my grandchildren notice the difference? They certainly did. When you sleep well, when you're not on edge, you have lots more patience. I'm sold on Postum—I like the way it makes me feel. You will too!"

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

THE BLESSED SUN, rising higher each day after wintering in the South, is evidence enough that the glad month of May is just around the corner—or the equinox, if you prefer. The people and the places featured in this issue, as in every issue, are to be found just about everywhere under that wandering sun. For example:

People: **Gina Bell-Zano** of Brooklyn is a pretty important person to the thousands of youngsters who eagerly turn to the *Small Fry* pages each month. Since the early days of TOGETHER, this author of children's books and short stories has been our most consistent contributor to that department with a delightful parade of animal characters ranging from a blue-nosed cat to a laughing horse, an opossum named Marvin, and—this month—*The Runaway Rabbit* [page 60]. . . . **Floyd A. Johnson**, our art editor, estimates that he worked more than 300 hours at the easel to complete his eight water colors illustrating *The Lord's Prayer* [pages 37-44]. . . . **Milburn P. Akers** [*The Uncommon Common Things,* page 25] is editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times* and a graduate-now-trustee of Methodist-related McKendree College, where he delivered the 1959 commencement address. . . . **Jimmy Banks** [*The Breath of Eternity,* page 13] belies the popular conception that newspapermen are hard-boiled cynics in this moving eulogy to his pastor. Mr. Banks is a reporter on a Dallas newspaper. . . . **Mrs. Doris E. Kloss** [*Don't Mention Hobbies to Me!* page 66] is a former Georgia girl who was born Methodist but married Presbyterian. When she joined the latter church with her husband she asked the pastor if she would have to be baptized again. "Why, no," he replied. "Your Methodist Baptism will be fine." A housewife and part-time writer, she lives in Hollywood, Calif.

Places: Two Methodist institutions—a church and a hospital—were very much in the news when two airliners crashed over Brooklyn late last year. One of the planes plunged into the street less than a half block from the parsonage where the Rev. Richard J. Rice, pastor of Grace Church, was sitting. During two horror-filled days that followed, the church became headquarters for rescue workers.

The second institution, historic Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, is featured twice in this issue: **our cover** picture by **George Miller**, and in *Young Ministers Go to the Hospital* [page 62]. There skilled hands worked feverishly but in vain to save the life of 11-year-old Stephen Baltz of Wilmette, Ill., the sole survivor. Five nickels and four dimes in his pockets began a fund in memory of the brave lad who, when told what hospital he had entered, reportedly said: "That's all right. I'm Methodist, too." It's a fitting story to recall in this month which includes National Hospital Week, May 7-13. —YOUR EDITORS

Together MAY, 1961

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Letters

A Monstrosity? Not to Him!

HARVEY HOLLAND
Youth Work Director
Lambuth College, Jackson, Tenn.

Regarding Mrs. Beatrice Hyder's letter [March, page 7] on the January cover: It is surprising to me what poor taste some people have in their criticisms of things that are done in TOGETHER. The child on that cover neither looks like Nikita Khrushchev nor is he a monstrosity to those of us who love children.

Sticks Up for Cover Tyke

THELMA MAY
San Diego, Calif.

That letter comparing your January cover baby to Premier Khrushchev was the rawest, crudest thing I have ever seen. Those cutting expressions were best left unsaid.

The ruggedly handsome tyke must have an irresistibly winning personality only hinted at in the photo of his serious face. The picture makes you wish you could be better acquainted with him. I'm sure his parents must be rarely fond of him and will be increasingly proud as he grows to manhood.

Appreciates No Continuations

MRS. HAROLD H. SPIESS
Sebastopol, Calif.

I should like to thank you for the format of *our* magazine. I'm largely paralyzed as the result of polio, and it is difficult at best to turn magazine pages. To have articles continued in the back, necessitating a lot of laborious page-turning, is extremely frustrating to me. Because TOGETHER does not have this policy, it is an extra joy to read it and I appreciate it.

Philip Embury Kin Dies . . .

ROY C. CLARK, *National Secretary*
Acacia Fraternity
Chicago, Ill.

Floyd Johnson's brilliant water-color painting [April, page 2] of the encounter between Barbara Heck and Philip Embury—which seemed to have triggered Methodism in America—reminds me that a descendant of Philip recently died. He was David A. Embury, who passed on at age 73 in New York, where he was a member of the law firm of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle on Wall Street. His specialty had been income-tax and corporation law, and at one time he helped Venezuela write its tax laws.

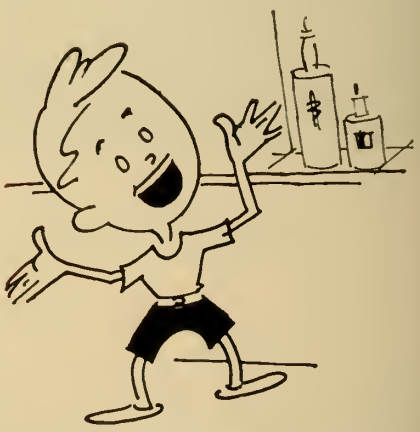
He also was active in the fraternity world, having been the first national judge advocate of the Acacia Fraternity. More recently he was chairman of the National Interfraternity Conference. He is survived by his widow and two daughters, Margaret (Mrs. Rolland I. Mangel), and Miss Ruth A. Embury.

All of this will be of interest to Methodist historians and certainly to any other descendants of Philip Embury in this country.

Forewarned Is Forearmed

PAUL D. SCHROEDER, *Pastor*
Williamsport, Pa.

Last week, my five-year-old son, David, was waiting for me in the barbershop. He was busy checking the barber's tonics and other paraphernalia



"Look, Dad! No TOGETHER*!"*

when I said, "David, find a chair and a magazine."

"I already looked, Dad," he answered, "and they don't have TOGETHER."

I plan to take a sample copy with me next time.

Points Up Social Concern

ROBERT REGAN, JR.
Bd. of Christian Social Concerns
Washington, D.C.

The December Powwow, *Should the U.S. Give Surplus Grain to Needy Countries?* [page 34], was excellent.

We appreciate the opportunities you

are providing for serious study of such issues in the field of social concerns.

Perhaps it adds interest that the new administration's program of "Food for Peace" is headed by Dr. George McGovern, an active Methodist layman, from Mitchell, S.Dak.—EDS.

Liked Girl in Shorts

BELLE HADSELL
Swain, N.Y.

When I read the letter concerning the girl wearing shorts [February, page 10], I was both puzzled and disgusted. It seems to me that since we were made in the image of God, we shouldn't be ashamed of being humanly constructed. I liked that picture. I felt the young lady spending time with an elder was setting a fine example of healthy curiosity, kindness, and tolerance.

Mr. Battle Embarrasses Him

ARNOLD E. JENNY
Medford, Ore.

As a member of The Methodist Church for more than half a century, I find myself embarrassed on behalf of TOGETHER and our church by Richard S. Battle's article, *Why I Am a Methodist* [February, page 35].

Almost everything Mr. Battle says could be claimed with equal right by members of any of our major Protestant denominations. However unintended, that article has an arrogant ring and claims too much for our church. Also, your question in the subtitle, "How would you explain your faith?" strikes me as inappropriate in this context. Since when is Methodism a faith? Ours is the Christian faith, is it not?

Death Penalty 'Just, Necessary'

CLAUDE M. MORGAN, *Attorney*
Huntington W.Va.

This letter is being written after reading *Tennessee vs. Wash Jones* [February, page 18], and answers the rising cry for the abolition of the death penalty.

It admittedly is abhorrent to think of taking the life of one who has been created in the image of God, but when that person has forgotten this fact, and descended to the level of a wild beast, there is really nothing else to do. In a proper case, the punishment of death is not only just, it is necessary.

For almost 10 years, I was assistant prosecuting attorney of Cabell County and participated in the trial of a number of murder cases. One particularly vicious killing resulted in the death penalty, and the sentence was subsequently carried out. If my argument had anything to do with the verdict, I am glad, for the defendant had forfeited all claim to mercy or compassion by his brutal taking of the life of a man

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who had never done him any harm and whom he did not even know.

'Dear Mrs. Wilson . . .

HERBERT R. LOEB
Honolulu, Hawaii

You couldn't have presented a more incendiary case if you were a paid Arab lobbyist—which I am sure you are not. [See *Still No Room in Bethlehem*, February, page 25.]

I feel, as your readers who are conversant with all aspects of the question must feel, that you had a human interest story to tell. Somehow, you got emotional—unfortunately over only half of the problem.

As a new member of The Methodist Church, on confession of faith, I read everything I can written by other Methodists. It's a pity that your contribution fell on my desk during "the honeymoon."

Worshiping Wrong God?

MRS. GRACE A. REED
Sedalia, Mo.

We church members need more articles like Dorothy Clarke Wilson's *Still No Room in Bethlehem* to keep us enlightened on world affairs and what part our church is taking to alleviate them.

When I traveled in Palestine seven years ago, I saw many women like the one on your cover. But the greatest thing I brought home with me was the memory of their smiling faces—even though they were forced to live in adobe pillboxes on the unbelievable pittance of 10¢ a day per person. In contrast, I thought of the worry-drawn, tense faces of the well-dressed and well-fed people I had encountered on Fifth Avenue in New York City just prior to going abroad. Can it be that we inhabitants of the world's Garden of Eden are worshiping the wrong God—money?

In this callous day, the word "refugee" has lost much of its overtone of human misery. It was to remind readers that after 12 years some 900,000 Arabs are still uprooted and to report on the UN effort to aid them that Mrs. Wilson's article appeared in TOGETHER. *The big question,* A.D. *1961, is not who's right, but what's right—how to heal a festering sore on the face of humanity.*—EDS.

Ex-Divorcee Lauds Article

NAME WITHHELD
Cincinnati, Ohio

Congratulations on being broad-minded enough to print *How to Treat Your Divorced Friends* [March, page 34]. For nine years, I wore the label "divorcee," and no one tried to help me forget it. When I went to a church reception for new members and persons learned my status, I was left strictly alone.

Finally, I met a widower who is a Methodist and who loved me for myself. We were married by a Methodist minister who was kind enough not to probe into what is meant by "mental cruelty." Today, my husband, son, and I are all members of The Methodist Church, and I feel I can better appreciate the many blessings of a happy family life because of my previous unhappy experience. We are in a new church now, and no one knows this is my second marriage. So if you print this letter, please sign it "Name Withheld." I don't want to hear someone whisper in church next Sunday, "She was once divorced, you know!"

'Shake . . . Have a Doughnut'

CLARA NEWILL
Los Angeles, Calif.

In regard to *New Words for Old Hymns?* [*Letters*, March, page 8], written by Irving Dilliard, there's been much talk about this in recent times. When I consider some of the people into whose hands such a change would fall, however, I am filled with trepidation.

The words of our hymns came after deep spiritual experience—not as those written by people of today. Even joining our church family is just an event, seldom an experience. Just shake hands and have a doughnut.

The words now in use have day by day lifted me and made me search my life spiritually. What can possibly replace them?

Protest Use of 'Re-Baptized'

TEN STUDENTS
Garrett Biblical Institute
Evanston, Ill.

We sincerely hope that the caption writer for *Slides We Like to Share* [March, page 37] made a mistake when he used the term "re-baptized."

Baptism, as a Sacrament of the Church, is observed once and for all in the life of the individual. There is nothing more sacred or special about being baptized in the River Jordan than in the Mississippi, the Congo, or the Yangtze, or in the sanctuary of our churches. The muddy waters of the Jordan add nothing to Baptism which is not already given by God wherever and whenever the Sacrament is performed.

The Rev. Ira B. Allen, a district superintendent in Minnesota, answers that he is not averse to mixing a bit of sentiment with his theology. "The 're-baptism' in the Jordan was purely symbolic," he says, "similar to repeating marriage vows 50 years later. The repetition does not mitigate the validity of the original ceremony."—EDS.

Together / NEWSLETTER

LEGISLATION 'UNCONSTITUTIONAL.' The Judicial Council, Supreme Court of The Methodist Church, has declared unconstitutional 1960 General Conference approval of Board of Pensions legislation providing that board members from each jurisdiction shall be elected quadrennially by the General Conference on the nomination of the College of Bishops of each jurisdiction [Discipline, Paragraph 1602.1]. The Council declared this infringes on the constitutional right of the jurisdictions to choose their general-board representatives.

CHILDREN'S TV SERIES. The Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission expects the first half-hour programs of its children's TV series to be ready for telecasting in January, 1962. The programs will deal with the experiences of 9 to 11-year-old youngsters and the relevance of the Christian Gospel to those experiences.

APPEAL FOR AFRICA. The Methodist Council of Bishops has asked the denomination's 39,000 churches to contribute to a special offering on Sunday, April 30, for food, medicine, leadership, and education in Africa. "This is both our obligation and our privilege," says the Council. A minimum of $2.5 million is needed.

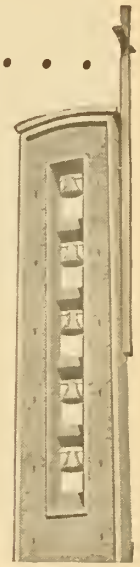
PROVEN WORTHINESS. The U.S. Peace Corps parallels some efforts already proven worthwhile by The Methodist Church. Its idea of service, paying only basic living costs to participants who work and live among nationals, is similar to the church's two and three-year missionary programs and short-term work projects in the U.S. and abroad.

ADDS NEW FOREIGN EDITIONS. The Upper Room, the interdenominational daily devotional guide of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, has added editions printed in Danish and in Malayalam, the language of India's Malabar coast. Editions now total 38.

FBI PRAISES CLERGY'S LOYALTY. Speaking at a ministers' meeting in Cincinnati, Chief Inspector William C. Sullivan of the FBI declared: "There can be no question as to the loyalty of the overwhelming majority of the American clergy to the nation and the fact that they have been among the most consistent and vigorous opponents of communism."

(*More church news on page 68*)

Give . . .



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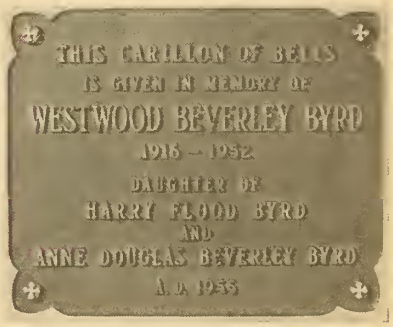

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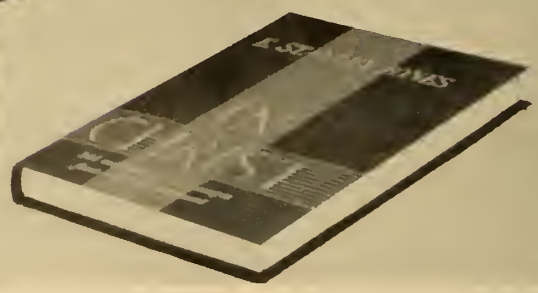

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This moving tribute to the memory of a Methodist preacher was written by a member of his congregation. Because we feel it speaks eloquently for so many ministers who have died in Christ's service, we are withholding his name to make his story a memorial to them all.—EDS.

By Jimmy Banks

IN THE HUSHED sanctuary, where soft lights spilled over banked flowers, I seemed to see him standing in the pulpit once more—a good-natured man with a freckled face, receding hairline, and rimless glasses. Barely 40, he had been our pastor less than four years—but what an impact he had made on our lives!

Few among the hundreds present knew that his twinkling eyes had concealed a lifetime of suffering; that he had walked in the valley of the shadow since early childhood. We knew only that his presence had been a marvelous inspiration for all of us—and now he was gone. Or was he? I wondered as the organ swelled and the service began. This was no ordinary funeral service; it was a worship service, designed to glorify God and show us victory over death. It had been planned in detail by the man of God whose tortured body rested here in his coffin now.

He had asked us to sing joyous music, but how could we rejoice? The words of *Holy, Holy, Holy,* a hymn he had requested, sounded familiar—but our voices as we sang were choked with emotion.

When our pastor had been a boy of three, and again when he was 13, doctors had said there was no hope for him. First a kidney ailment, then rheumatic fever. Five members of his family, including his father and his brother, died within two years. He worked his way through college, was ordained, and eventually came—on what was to be his last assignment—to our church.

I was one of the many he sought out. When he asked me to serve on the Board of Stewards of our young church, I was surprised to find myself accepting. He generated a current so swift that he swept along many of us who had long been inactive.

Ordinarily, we couldn't say "no" to him. But I recall twice when we did: once when we voted, over his protest, to increase his salary; again when we refused to accept his resignation.

These memories came flooding back as his funeral service continued. I saw him again on the streets, in the pulpit, kneeling in prayer. I saw him on the golf links, smiling broadly and joking about his mediocre game. Then, bringing my thoughts back to the sanctuary, I realized we were following the regular order of worship. We repeated the Affirmation of Faith, as we did each Sunday morning. Then we said the Lord's Prayer . . . .

Our church had grown rapidly after he arrived. Soon, without complaint or fanfare, he was doing the work of three men. But we never realized his need of help until he became ill. Even then we delayed hiring an associate. He had so many friends among ministers that it was never hard to find someone to pinch-hit for him.

Finally, when his condition showed no improvement, he submitted his resignation.

We rejected it.

We hired an associate and voted to continue his full salary. We pitched in with extra money for medical bills. We donated blood. We prepared food for the family.

And we prayed.

This dedicated man even knew we were praying as we had never prayed before. He told his wife, "They have prayed more often lately. . . . I have felt the impact of their prayers."

Not long after that, however, the day came when we knew he could not live. Wanting to do something to honor him, we stepped up plans to dedicate our new education building to him. We ordered an inscribed plaque, naming the new edifice after him. As soon as he heard about it, he put a stop to it. "All church buildings," he declared, "should be dedicated to God alone."

Then, two months before he died, he appeared unexpectedly in church one Sunday morning. He limped slowly to the pulpit, led the morning prayer, and made a brief talk thanking us for what we had done for him.

His next, and final, message was read at the funeral. It was written shortly before he died.

"Dear friends," it began, "for the first time tonight I have the inner feeling that I shall never be able to stand in the pulpit again to express to you my deepest gratitude for your spiritual growth this year. . . . I may not be conscious toward the last days of my life to express my faith even to a few. Therefore, I am jotting down . . . a simple statement of faith and hope.

"All day I have felt the breath of eternity. I assume it is God's way of helping an individual prepare for that climactic moment we call death. I have never prayed to live. However, I have been deeply intrigued by mortal life, and if I had my choice I would choose to live. This is not written in a morbid sense of resentment for not having a healthy body, but as a simple statement of faith. . . ." Here death broke off his last message to us.

There, at a funeral service that wasn't a funeral service, we felt some of his courage, devotion, and faith flow into us. It was as if his hand had reached back from eternity, offering again the handclasp so symbolic of his generous friendship, making one last effort to pull his congregation closer to God.

I felt all this as we sang the *Doxology,* realizing that death itself had failed to stop him from helping us.

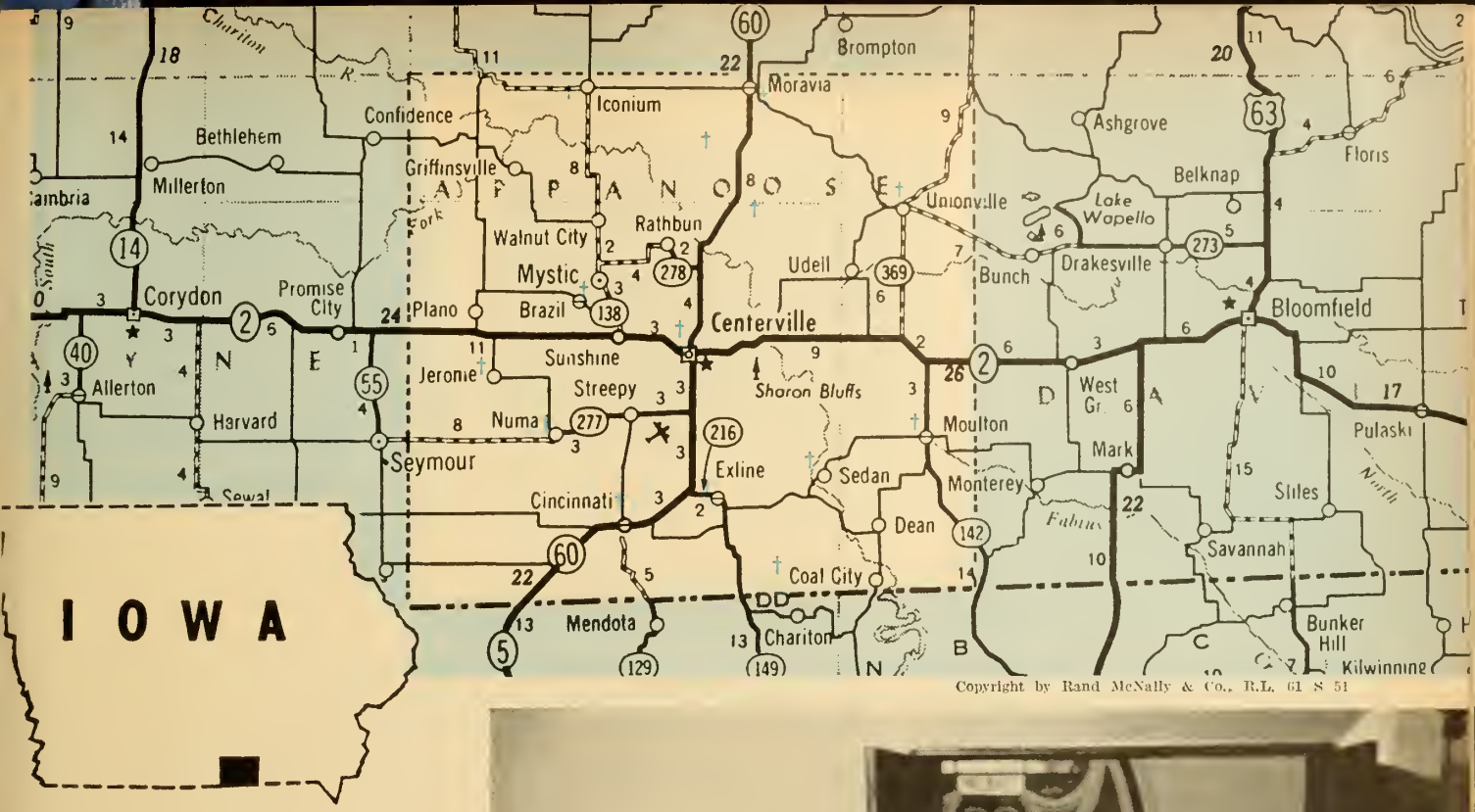
When coal was king, 3,300 men worked in the mines which now sag in decay.

Mines are dying, farms are under the gavel, but

Appanoose County Churches Dig In

By PAIGE CARLIN *Associate Editor,* TOGETHER, and
ROBERT LEAR *Editor,* TOGETHER's *Iowa Area News Edition*

Common sequel to an Appanoose auction: land added to another farm, another family gone.



WHEN RESIDENTS of Appanoose County, Iowa, paused to take stock at the end of World War II, what they saw ahead wasn't the prosperity they had hoped for. Almost unnoticed in the flush of the war years, an era had ended in the hilly country just north of the Missouri border.

Young people sensed it. Many who had left for military service or work in the cities did not return home after the war. Others still lived in their home towns, but commuted daily to jobs as far away as Ottumwa, a 90-mile round trip.

The visible barometers of change were the coal mines, which once had employed one of every nine persons in the county and produced about 15 per cent of Iowa's coal output. Now they were largely silent and empty. The nation had converted to oil, electricity, and natural gas; coal still needed came from big, mechanized mines in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and West Virginia [see *Where Machines Mine Coal,* May, 1960, p. 14].

That threw the burden of support-

At the heart of Methodism's group ministry are Pastors Whitenack, Lochhead, Doggett, and Johnson.

Appanoose County Churches *(continued)*

ing the economy on agriculture, the only other basic industry. But the thin gray layer of topsoil, pocked by mines and scarred by erosion, was simply not equal to the task. Productivity and farm income, which had frequently nudged the bottom of Iowa's 99-county list, continued to sag, and many discouraged farmers followed the trail worn smooth by departing coal miners.

For Appanoose County Methodism there were additional problems. Three churches had closed during the war, and the membership of those still active was falling off. Something had to be done.

So a bold and new strategy was planned, and in 1946 the Appanoose County Larger Parish—taking in the smaller Methodist churches—was organized to meet problems on a united front. Co-operation was carried a step further in 1958 with formation of the Appanoose County Group Ministry, which included all Methodist churches.

Over the 15-year period, Appanoose Methodism has consolidated its position, making some strategic withdrawals (three more churches have been closed). But thanks to a coordinated program—and the energy, ingenuity, and devotion with which it has been implemented—Methodists today exert a stronger voice than ever in the spiritual and economic life of Appanoose County.

Dean Tomlin farms 260 acres and works nights in a Centerville plant. He'd prefer full-time farming, but explains "it's hard to make a living at it."

Richard Tubaugh and his brothers began a farming partnership with 420 acres in 1946. Now they have 2,425 acres, need more for lambs and cattle.

Statistics tell part of this success story. In 1940, the county had 24,245 residents, of whom 10.8 per cent (2,624) were active Methodists. By 1950 the population had dropped to 19,659, but 2,239 Methodists formed 11.4 per cent of the total. Today, there are only 16,015 people in the county, but more than 13 per cent of them—2,085—belong to Methodist churches.

Methodism has not strengthened its position by standing pat. Over the past five years, the 14 churches lost 789 members, only 127 of them by death. Yet during the same period, they admitted twice as many new members by profession of faith as by transfer of membership.

Behind this bootstrap resurgence has been the Group Ministry Council, which meets quarterly to chart Methodism's course in the county. It consists of three laymen from each Methodist congregation plus four dynamic ministers who split the pastoral chores of the county's 14 remaining Methodist churches. Three of these men—each under 35—regularly preach at least three sermons apiece every Sunday. All are specially qualified by training or background for leadership in this problem rural area.

One of these men is the Rev. Banks Doggett, Jr., a 32-year-old native of North Carolina who has served in Appanoose for seven years. His five churches in the Moulton Charge range in size from 26 to 301 members.

The blare of auto horns means "Encore!" when Centerville's city band plays on the county-courthouse square.

Lee Benz, Methodist farmer and county supervisor, sees dwindling tax revenues as a chief county problem. "And there's not much we're able to do," he admits.

Lester Murdy, 66 (above), like many Appanoose farmers, is retired but still works land. He foresees a "huge farm turnover" within the next 15 years.

Harold Holder (below), county agent and a Centerville Methodist, says growing interest in conservation has been aided by pastors' sermons urging soil stewardship.

Guy Evans (above), a state employment officer, cites lack of local jobs for the exodus of younger persons. "We're exporting our most valuable assets."

Like his fellow Appanoose pastors, he's not content merely to minister to those who stay in the county. He sees part of his job as urging better farming methods and preaching the stewardship of soil conservation.

The Rev. Weldon Whitenack, originally from Indiana, at 34 is completing his third year in Appanoose. He speaks to his Moravia, Wesley Chapel, and Fairview congregations with the special understanding gained while teaching vocational agriculture before he entered the ministry. Every Sunday he leads morning worship at each of his three churches and holds an evening service at Moravia.

Glen Lochhead, also 34, has the churches at Mystic, Iconium, Cincinnati, Numa, and Jerome. Raised on a southeast Iowa farm, he met his wife while serving another rural pastorate. On Sundays he drives 70 miles to preach four sermons, one of them in the evening.

Finally there is the Rev. Frank O. Johnson, now in his fourth year at the largest church in Centerville, the county seat. His 839-member congregation is still growing, and he now is assisted part time by a retired Quaker minister.

Last fall, culminating five years of hopeful planning, a fifth member joined the group-ministry team. She is Janet Dixon, a religious-education graduate who trains church-school teachers, plans study programs, and recommends teaching materials for the local churches. Her work—the only job of its kind in Iowa—is supported by the churches and by the South Iowa Conference Woman's Society of Christian Service.

The council also has the help of outstanding laymen. Lay speakers Hugh Wood and Lester Murdy preach at the small Zoar and Sharon Chapel churches in Mr. Doggett's charge. And 15 of Mr. Whitenack's Wesley Chapel congregation of 45 farm 80 acres in a thriving Lord's Acre project. In 1959, they turned over to the church a profit of $1,086.

What is the future of Methodism in Appanoose County? There is encouragement from County Extension Agent Harold Holder, who cites a perceptible rise in productivity and new interest in crop diversification —due in part to the influence of four farm-wise Methodist preachers.

But other realities are not bright. The mines, which once employed nearly 3,300 men, will not come back. Today they are worked by only 200 men.

Small farms steadily are being consolidated into larger units. There were 1,834 farms in 1950, only 1,490 in 1959. Extension Agent Holder estimates the leveling-off point as 1,000 farms. Meanwhile, as many as a dozen Methodist families may leave the county every year.

Young adults continue to seek jobs elsewhere, draining a prime resource—youth. The U.S. Employment Service reports that in 1959

Pierce Appler, a full-time farmer until the dry 1950s, now spends his days driving a gasoline truck, farms his 209 acres at night and on weekends.

Each church governs itself, but delegates to the Group-Ministry Council (left) help to organize county-wide programs.

Lord's Acre projects help several churches over the budgetary hump. Pastor Doggett (below) visits one of the men tending 27 acres of corn for the Moulton organ fund.

Appanoose County Churches *(continued)*

alone 139 of them left the county.

Those who do stay often must spend most of their waking hours just making a living. The 1959 Iowa agricultural census report shows 598 Appanoose farmers held part-time, nonfarm jobs, 343 of them for 100 day or more. And 446 said their income from other sources exceeded income from selling farm products!

One farmer who "moonlights" to

Pert team member Janet Dixon (above) carries on Methodism's circuit-riding tradition in her religious-educational work for the county's small churches.

support his wife and three children is Dean Tomlin, 27. He owns 100 acres and rents another 160. When he finishes a day's work in the fields, he rests, then rushes off to work the midnight to 8 a.m. shift in a Centerville block plant.

"That's why a lot of people don't come to church on Sunday, or to meetings at night," says Mr. Doggett. "They're either working or trying to get a little rest."

But Appanoose County Methodists cannot be discouraged. They have drawn strength from working together, and they have developed faith in their ability to adjust to change. They may have to consolidate further, but they have vowed that no church will be closed so long as there are people to serve and be served. They are carrying the stirring message of Methodism to an area in difficulty—not only by their words but also by deed and by example.

Rural congregations, too, have shut-ins who appreciate a pastor's visit. Mr. Doggett's call on Frank Chambers, 91, included a newsy chat, a brief prayer.

In a service of Holy Communion, worshipers move toward the altar of little Exline Church.

HISTORICAL HEROINE. If a musically talented Maryland housewife has anything to say about it, a colorful figure out of Methodist history will be rescued from obscurity. For the past two years Mrs. Ruth Willis has been acquainting East Coast audiences with Sarah, wife of Methodism's immortal hymn writer, Charles Wesley. In a centuries-spanning dialogue written by her husband, Mason, Mrs. Willis has presented her impersonation of Mrs. Wesley some 150 times for churches, college groups, homes for the aging, and special Methodist gatherings. New requests keep coming. Appropriately, the program is titled *A Thousand Tongues to Sing,* from one of Wesley's best-loved hymns.

The real-life Mrs. Wesley, historians say, was an excellent singer. Contralto Ruth Willis is well qualified for her role. Before the family moved to the picturesque old Maryland town of Wye Mills, she sang professionally in New York City.

VOICE FROM THE PAST. Suitably garbed, Mrs. Willis becomes Mrs. Wesley.

Unusual

CHIEF GREEK. As Phi Tau president, Maxwell (right) awarded a plaque to Columbia University President Grayson Kirk.

MR. FRATERNITY. For more than 25 years Roland Maxwell was national president of his fraternity, Phi Kappa Tau. Then, in 1959, he was tapped for a higher honor: chairman of National Interfraternity Conference. In both offices, he has set a fine example for thousands of young collegians.

A practicing attorney in Pasadena, Calif., Maxwell is a long-time member of First Methodist Church. Besides heading its board of trustees, he is a trustee and secretary of the Pasadena Methodist Foundation. He's also board chairman (since 1933) of the Methodist Hospital of Southern California, and supervised the campaign for a $3.3 million building dedicated in 1957.

To fraternity men around the country, the name Roland Maxwell means "Mr. Fraternity." But to his fellow residents in Pasadena it also means "Mr. Methodist."

COACH WITH A MISSION. Among U.S. Methodist laymen are many athletic coaches. Among the church's career missionaries overseas there also is one—Arthur Wesley Howard, principal-teacher-coach at Christian College of Physical Education, Lucknow, India. One of the few schools of its kind in Asia, this Methodist institution has set important precedents in Indian education.

Layman Howard and his wife, Esta, a nurse, went to India in 1945. In the 16 years since, Coach Howard, holder of a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, has been one of that country's few physical-education experts. He has coached Indian entrants in international competition, including the Olympic Games, and is chief starter at India's national track meets —a position of great honor. But such tasks are of secondary importance to him. He explains, "I am first and last a missionary trying to teach Christ daily by every means I can."

MISSIONARY COACH. Among Howard's protégés, Olympic hopefuls.

Methodists

A RECORD? Six sons followed Pastor Howell's example.

FAMILY TRADITION. Before his 1957 retirement to a modest house on Locust Street in Wayland, Mich., the Rev. Arthur W. Howell made many contributions to the Church's future. Most notable among them: his eight sons—two active laymen, six Christian ministers.

Five of the six Pastor Howells now serve Methodist churches in the same two states where their father ministered. In Indiana are J. Stanley at Hyde Park Church, Hammond, and Forest W. at Wesley Church, Indianapolis. In Michigan, Gaylord D. preaches at Fremont, Morris F. at Rockford, and John N. at Mount Morris. Laymen Robert and Aubrey are staunch workers in their churches at Indianapolis and Crawfordsville, Ind., respectively.

The senior Mr. Howell's eldest son, Hillary A., is a Baptist pastor in Tucson, Ariz. Newest source of family pride is the decision of Hillary, Jr., 19, to extend the preaching tradition into still another generation.

Like thieves in the night that come to harass and steal are the disturbing thoughts and small angers of life. But you can . . .

Throw the Robbers Out!

By DORON K. ANTRIM

ARNOLD BENNETT, the English author, was dining in his favorite restaurant one evening when a waitress seated a woman who was fat, frumpish, and fifty. The woman didn't like the table, got up, and huffed off to another, then to another. Nothing pleased her. She found fault with the service, the food.

Bennett reflected on this sorry spectacle. Here was a woman whose mind was filled with gripes, grudges, resentments. He would give her a sister, as fat as herself, and tell the story of their lives. Once they had been young, slim, pretty. But instead of summarily throwing out unloving, unprofitable thoughts from their minds, they entertained them. Eventually these robbers took over completely. Bennett got a best seller out of it, *The Old Wives' Tale.*

Early in our quest for happiness through love, my wife Mira and I realized that it all begins in the mind, in what thoughts we allow to come into the mind and what ones we entertain there.

The mind seems to work all the time, even when we sleep. It is fast and efficient, enabling us to think four times as fast as we speak. It can't tolerate a vacuum. It needs something to work on, and it works impartially on whatever it is given. What a waste to sand the gears of this marvelous instrument with unloving, unprofitable thoughts when it could be working with love—the highest creative force in the universe.

We found that, unless thoughts which determine our words and actions are spotted and dealt with, they develop into attitudes that rule our lives. Often these robbers go unchallenged because they are reactions of our natural natures, the natures that parents spend so much time combating in their children.

So we found it well to question all thoughts that enter the mind. Are they constructive or destructive? The latter invariably are thoughts of impatience, unkindness, annoyance. They're thoughts centering exclusively on ourselves and our good. They come when we feel sorry for ourselves. They're gripes, grudges, resentments held against people. As long as we nurse a grudge, we enlist the mind in destructive thoughts; and the minute one of them takes a beachhead, it adds to its gains.

"The fact that the mind rules the body," said Dr. Franz Alexander, director of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, "is, in spite of its neglect by biology and medicine, the most fundamental fact which we know about the process of life."

Throwing out unwelcome, unprofitable thoughts, we found, is easier said than done. These devils are persistent. They hang on like poor relations. They're loaded with feeling. Once in the mind, they stay on breeding kindred thoughts.

Who is there among us who has not found rehearsing a gripe, mentally telling someone off, a vicarious pleasure? It seems like a harmless pastime. But is it? All thought patterns tend to become habits, and before we realize it we have established a harmful thought habit—one that robs us of peace of mind. And doctors tell us that every emotion has a corresponding physical reaction—embarrassment, blushing; fear, palpitation of the heart; anger, increased heart activity and elevation of blood pressure—so we pay!

Mira used to chafe to the headache stage at a neighbor who borrowed money in small amounts, eggs, a cup of flour, and too often failed to return them. Not knowing how to resolve the situation, she turned to prayer, obeying the Bible admonition, "Come now, let us reason together." As a result she has since never lent a penny to a friend or a cup of flour to a neighbor. Instead, she gives it to them. When the polite formality of "Thank you so much, I'll return it promptly," is spoken, the reply, "You're quite welcome and please don't be concerned about returning it," is really meant.

Nothing is changed but her attitude of mind which enables her to forget the transaction completely. One doesn't expect a gift returned. If it is not returned, she is not aware of it. There are no robbers bred to steal her peace of mind.

We found many ways to change bad habits. "Habits that have been unconsciously learned can be consciously unlearned by a little self-

DORON K. ANTRIM

Mr. Antrim, a well-known magazine writer and active Methodist layman, died this year shortly after writing this article. He was a member of the Hymn Society of America and contributed the popular series, *Hymns to Live By,* in TOGETHER. Mr. Antrim was a member of Stony Brook Methodist Church, Jamaica, N.Y., where he taught an adult church-school class. At the time of his death he was writing a book in collaboration with his wife, Mira, who survives. This article was to have been included as a portion of that book. She hopes to complete it.—EDS.

Problem: Dark thoughts about neighbors who borrow things in small amounts and may forget to return them. Solution: Don't lend things; give them away!

discipline," said psychologist Dr. Max Schoen. The famed pioneer psychologist, William James, observed that "the greatest discovery of this generation was that human beings could alter their lives by altering their attitudes of mind."

The first requirement is a sincere desire to give the bum's rush to these low characters, these robbers of the mind. Mira and I experimented with ways. Hurrying to the train one morning, I stepped into the street without looking, only to have a motorist stop short to avoid hitting me and bawl me out. I caught his irritation and came back in kind.

Analyzing this situation on the train, I realized I had been wholly to blame. I should have looked before stepping into the street, and so avoided the whole incident. But what troubled me particularly was that I caught the motorist's irritation, and I had no right to catch it. Was I forever to be an easy prey to the irritations, resentments, *et alii,* of other people? Or could I build up an immunity, and how?

I began by rehearsing in my mind how I should have reacted to the motorist, seeing it from his point of view. Had I done so, I would have apologized to him for stepping into the road without looking. That would have mollified the motorist, and I wouldn't have irritated him.

This proved to be an effective clue for reconditioning the mind. I would think about situations I might be confronted with and see myself reacting to them in profitable ways. I practiced thinking first of the other fellow, of *his* situation, and found this a rewarding practice. Understanding, sympathy can loosen the vicious hold of conditioned reactions.

Cultivating a you-consciousness, I found, was one of the best ways of throwing the robbers out. A young wife found herself envying a friend

JOHN DICKINS AWARD

Roland E. Wolseley, *chairman, magazine dept., Syracuse University School of Journalism.*

Dr. Joseph C. Evans, *chaplain of the Southern Methodist University, author of many articles.*

Bishop T. Otto Nall, *Minnesota Area, lecturer, former editor of the Christian Advocate.*

DEADLINE!

The three men above are ready and eager to judge your submission for the John Dickins Award, so if you haven't mailed it, *hurry!* Deadline is May 1! Undergraduate students between 17 and 25 are eligible to submit essays on *Why I Go to Church.* Write us for the Entry Form, which must accompany all essays and which contains full details. Three cash awards will be given, and the winning article will appear in *Together.* Send to: *Together,* 740 Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

MAY 1, 1961

who was marrying a wealthy man and taking a honeymoon abroad. Throughout the day she kept repeating a little prayer when envy-thoughts arose, "Father, may my thoughts be acceptable to you." She realized she envied her friend because she felt sorry for herself. She began thinking of her friend, of the fine time she would have, and how richly she deserved it.

Next morning she was without a trace of envy. Instead, she felt genuinely glad for her friend and never again had to contend with an envious thought regarding her. Her mind was transformed.

In such situations we don't transform ourselves. It is done for us by the creative power inherent in the mind, which some call God. But we do have to throw the robbers out, discipline the mind. We can become so aware of robbers, so adept at driving them out, that a forceful "No" will keep them out.

Mira once counseled a business executive whose mind resembled a squirrel cage. He was tormented and tortured by a problem he couldn't resolve. He was thinking of suicide and murder.

In the first counseling session, she convinced him he could still his mind by resolutely refusing to let into it or to entertain these bedeviling thoughts; that, by so doing, he was working with a law of the mind as certain as the law of gravity.

At the counseling session the next day, he said he took all the bedeviling thoughts one by one by the scruff, escorted them to the door of his mind, and said, "You get out and stay out!" When they tried to sneak back, out they went again. He reported the first peaceful sleep in over a week and, to his amazement, the bedeviling thoughts had obeyed him!

In a week of daily counseling, he acquired possession of his mind from the robbers, enabling him to think clearly and rationally; to get his emotions out of the picture, and to want a solution establishing peaceful and loving relations with those involved. He completely resolved his problem.

Yes, the discovery by William James is still a thrilling discovery: to know that we can be transformed; that we can remake our lives by renewing our thoughts. It is one of the main hopes of the human race.

Wherein lies the key to a meaningful life? You may well find it in

The Uncommon Common Things

By MILBURN P. AKERS
Editor, *Chicago Sun-Times*

RECENTLY I crossed the Andes between Argentina and Chile. I crossed those 20,000-foot peaks at a height of 24,000 feet in a DC-7. But I didn't see them. My vision was blurred by a heavy mist. Similarly, some years ago I crossed the Pacific from the Aleutians down to Tokyo. I didn't see the ocean on that trip. Its endless ebb and flow was shrouded in heavy fog.

Yet I knew the mountains were there; I knew the ocean was there.

Sometimes the fog created by ambition, ignorance, or strife obscures our vision. It is then we need to seek the truth, to return to the simple, and chart our course by the decent. It is then we need to know the majesty and the endless verity of the uncommon commonplace. It is then that a man must dare to walk alone.

The choice is ours. We mustn't settle for the little life. We must select instead the grand quest, the great adventure, the search for the truth, the simplicity, the decency to be found in the uncommon commonplace.

To me there is nothing more pitiful than the man or woman who has decided to live the little life. The little life cannot be forced upon us unless we permit it to be. The great adventure can be had in any calling, in any place, in any circumstance, in any time.

All that is required is that we remain free; free to seek out and determine the truth, free to speak up and assert the truth once we have found it, and free to practice that truth once we have determined upon it.

To lead the good life, we should seek the truth in all situations; the truth that will free us from all prejudice and misunderstanding; the truth that will enable us to act with compassion and understanding. Truth, when and if we find it, will enable us to triumph over most situations. For truth is among those uncommon common things which enable one to be wise instead of merely smart.

Simplicity is among the uncommon common things which contribute to the good life. Most persons get their lives too complicated. Frequently this comes about as a consequence of seeking to impress others with qualities not possessed. A veneer, no matter how lightly applied, is heavy to carry. What is required is a return to a simplicity that can be found only in the uncommon commonplace.

Simple, elementary decency is one of the uncommon common virtues greatly to be desired. Is it the decent thing to do? You will be surprised in your consideration of problems, large or small, how many times you can arrive at an equitable solution by this simple test.

Truth, simplicity, and decency—these are the uncommon common things, the uncommon commonplace; the attributes that should be cherished and developed.

The cynic, the pseudo intellectual, the sophisticated may scoff. They, like Pilate of old, seek the truth but wait not for an answer. The truly wise wait for an answer, usually to be found in the uncommon commonplace.

The smile of a babe, the faith of a child, the serenity of a home in which love and understanding abound; the beauty of a sunrise, the majesty of a mountain, the grandeur of an ocean; all these are among the uncommon common things which we should seek and, in their discovery, come to know the good life.

A baby's smile, the ocean's grandeur . . . these help to feed the hungry soul.

As a reporter, I was fortunate in that my work frequently placed me in proximity with the great and the pseudo great, the notables and the notorious. For a third of a century I have seen them walk upon the stage for their brief moment of glory. But I learned early to tell the genuine from the synthetic. The great, the notable, sought only truth; they were characterized by simplicity; they did only the decent thing.

They are those who, no matter what their lot in life, find the fullness of their creation in the uncommon commonplace.

Ministers, priests, and rabbis offer valuable counsel on

HOW TO HELP SOMEONE IN *Sorrow*

By HOWARD WHITMAN

MOST of us want to be helpful when grief strikes a friend, but often we don't know how. We are afraid of doing the wrong thing. We become tongue-tied for fear of making a *faux pas*. We want to do something, but may end up doing nothing simply because we don't know the right—and helpful—things to say and do.

Not long ago one of my best friends lost his wife, another a child, and two lost their husbands. From my own difficulties in trying to be helpful (and failing, I'm afraid) I resolved to go out and gather pointers which might be useful.

Ministers, priests, and rabbis deal with such situations every day. I went to scores, of all faiths, in all parts of the country. Here are 12 suggestions they made:

1. *Don't try to "buck them up."* This surprised me when the Rev. Arthur E. Wilson of Providence, R.I., mentioned it. But the others concurred. It makes your friend feel worse when you say, "Come on, now, buck up. Don't take it so hard." A man who has lost his wife must take it hard. "Bucking him up" often sounds to him as though you are minimizing his loss. It is far better to take the honest attitude, "Yes, it's tough, and I sure know it is." Then your friend feels free to express grief and recover from it. The "don't take it so hard" approach deprives him of the natural emotion of grief.

2. *Don't try to divert them.* Rabbi Martin B. Ryback of Norwalk, Conn., pointed out that many people think the proper thing is to veer away from the subject. They make conversation about anything but the reason for their visit.

The rabbi calls this "trying to camouflage death." The task of the mourner is to face the fact of death, accept an altered life, and go on from there. How can you help him if all you do is draw a veil of small talk across reality?

3. *Don't be afraid to talk about the person who has died.* Well-intentioned friends often shy away from mentioning the deceased. "The helpful thing," advised Rabbi Henry E. Kagan of Mount Vernon, N.Y., "would be to talk about the man as you knew him in the fullness of his life. Thus you help to recreate a living picture to replace the picture of death."

Once Rabbi Kagan called on a woman who had lost her brother. "I didn't know your brother too well," he said. "Tell me about him." The woman started talking and they discussed her brother for an hour. Afterward she said, "I feel relieved now for the first time since he died."

4. *Don't be afraid of causing tears.* When a good friend lost a child I said something which made his eyes fill up. Later I remarked to my wife, "Well, I put my foot into it." But when I mentioned the incident to the Rev. D. Russell Hetsler, now pastor of Normal Heights Church, San Diego, Calif., he said, "No, you didn't. You helped your friend express grief in a normal way, with you present to cushion it with the warmth of friendship. That is far better than to stifle grief when friends

Friends should let a mourner express grief in the open, for attempts to stifle it usually mean it descends more crushingly when alone.

are present, only to have it descend more crushingly when one is alone."

Fear of causing tears, probably more than anything else, makes people stiff and ineffective; they censor in advance everything they want to say. Medical and psychological studies back up the pastor's contention that expressing grief is good and repressing it is bad.

5. *Let them talk.* Sorrowing people need to talk. "The problem of friends who want to help often is the opposite of what they think it is," explained the Rev. Vern Swartsfager of San Francisco. "They worry about their ability to say the right things. They ought to be worrying about their ability to listen."

If the warmth of your presence can get your friend to start talking, then listen—even though he repeats the same things a dozen times. Pastor Swartsfager suggested this measuring stick: "If your friend has said a hundred words to your one, you've helped a lot."

6. *Reassure—don't argue.* "Everybody who loses a loved one has guilt feelings. They may not be justified but they're natural," Rabbi Joseph R. Narot of Miami pointed out. Perhaps a husband feels he should have been more considerate of his wife; a parent feels he should have spent more time with his child; a wife feels she should have made fewer demands on her husband.

"Reassure your friend," suggested Rabbi Narot, "but don't argue with him." A frontal attack on guilt feelings will not help, for these feelings must work their way out. But you can help with reassurance. Your friend must realize that he or she was, in all probability, a pretty good husband, wife, or parent.

7. *Let them draw on you.* Friendship is like a bank account, which grows by small deposits over the years. Then come times when you must draw on it. Sorrow is such a time. What you draw is strength, which to the Rev. Willis H. Porter of Nashua, N.H., is the real word for comfort.

"Comfort," he points out, "is a vigorous word which we have robbed of its original meaning." True comfort is not release from hardship; it is the gift of strength to overcome hardship. Put aside glib talk. Pastor Porter calls it "worse than no talk."

READER'S CHOICE

The comforting words we all want to speak during a time of grief often ring hollow, not expressing what we wish. Here, author Howard Whitman offers the guidance of many faiths. First printed in the *Christian Advocate* of December 3, 1953, this article—now updated—was nominated by Kathleen Mitchell, Evanston, Ill., who wins our $25 *Reader's Choice* "thank you award."—EDS.

8. *Communicate—don't isolate.* Aloneness is one of the hardest parts of sorrow. Too often a person who has lost a loved one is overwhelmed with visitors for a week or so, then the house is empty. Even good friends sometimes stay away, in the belief that people in sorrow like to be alone.

"That's the silent treatment," remarked Father Thomas Bresnahan of Detroit. "There's nothing worse." Our friend is left more alone than ever; he has not only lost his loved one, he has lost us too.

Keep in touch. See your friend more often than before—for lunch, a drive in the country, shopping, an evening visit. He has suffered a deep loss. Your job is to show him, by implication, how much remains.

9. *Perform some "concrete little act."* The Rev. William B. Ayers of Wollaston, Mass., told me of a sorrowing husband who lost all interest in food until a friend brought over his favorite dish. "That's a wonderful way to help, by some concrete little act which in itself may be small, yet carries the immense implication that you care," Pastor Ayers declared.

We ought to make it our business, when a friend is in sorrow, to do at least one practical tangible act of kindness: run errands with our car, take the children to school, bring in a meal, do the dishes, take small children to stay at our house until after the funeral, take care of pets.

10. *Swing into action.* Action is the symbol of living. Doing something physically—with tools, with utensils—or getting into group activity is far better than brooding.

By swinging into action with your friend, you can help build a bridge to the future. Perhaps it means painting the garage with him, or it may mean spending an afternoon window-shopping, or with a woman friend mending children's clothes.

In St. Paul, Minn., the Rev. J. T. Morrow told me of a man who had lost a son. The man's hobby had been refinishing furniture. When he called on him, Pastor Morrow said, "Come on, let's go down to the basement." They sanded a table together. When Pastor Morrow left two hours later, the man said, "This is the first time I've felt I could go on living."

11. *Get them out of themselves.* Once you have your friend doing things for himself, his grief is nearly cured. Once you have him doing things for others, it is cured.

That was what Father James Keller, leader of the Christophers, meant when he offered the pointer: "Get them out of themselves." Grief will pass. But if there is nothing but a vacuum behind it, self-pity will rush in to fill the vacuum. That is when grief becomes no longer normal but sickly.

Volunteer work for a charity, enrollment in a community group to help youngsters, committee work at church, a task in the PTA—these are some ways of getting people out of themselves.

12. *Pay a follow-up visit.* The Rev. George W. Lucas of Dayton, Ohio, remarked, "Everyone descends on a person in time of crisis. I'm sure they don't realize that the blow really hits hardest about two months later."

When all the letters of sympathy have been acknowledged, when people have swung back into daily routine, friends are likely to think, "Well, everything's adjusted now." Yet it is in that afterperiod when friends are needed most. Even if you are not a close friend, a follow-up visit can do more good than your first call.

One of the clergymen I met, a retired Methodist minister who had faced the problem many times in his long career, carried with him for years a bookmark which a woman had embroidered for him. On such visits he would show the back of the embroidery, a senseless mass of threads. Then he would turn it over to the right side, and the threads spelled out "God Is Love."

We may not be able to explain what often seems senseless about death. But by our helpfulness we can give living proof of the right side of the embroidery.

I Found God in Prison

By ALBERT S. WILLIAMS

I SAT with my face in my hands. "Am I actually in prison?" I asked myself. There was no way of getting around it; I was locked behind the walls of Kilby prison, Alabama's maximum-security institution near Montgomery.

I glanced around at the sallow faces, etched with deep lines of grief and misgivings. Old men. Middle-aged men. Worst of all, young men in their teens. I sat silently, listening to their vile language. What I heard was almost unbelievable. Although I had strayed far from the teachings of my Christian parents, I never had encountered such language. The gin mills, dance halls, and gambling dens of America are kindergartens compared with a prison.

"Must I spend 10 years of my life listening to this?" I asked myself that night as I stood by the barred window to relieve my asthmatic breathing. "Oh, God, am I really like these people?"

My depressed feeling encouraged my asthma and I was placed in the prison hospital, where I remained nearly a year. As I lay on my bed, I thought of my childhood and the day when, at 11, I was baptized. If I had really surrendered my life to God that day, I would not have landed in prison.

I recalled my seven years as pianist-arranger with the John Daniel Quartet and Wally Fowler on the Grand Ole Opry show, where we featured Gospel music. Those had been happy years; my family had enjoyed every minute. Our tours carried us across the nation, with an open opportunity to present Christ. Yet I was interested only in myself—fine clothes, cars, and eventually liquor.

Yes, drinking cut in on my career and I went down with it. I left the quartet and eventually bought an awning company in Birmingham. A sheriff's sale closed my doors. As I sat on my prison hospital bed, I often recalled how I couldn't deliver an awning on which a customer had a $187.50 deposit—and how my wife stood on the courthouse steps, tears running down her cheeks, as the sheriff sold off our assets. Her thoughts were of milk and food for the children; mine were of the saloon down the street where I could drown my troubles. Then I was arrested and sent to prison as an embezzler. My sentence: 10 years—for embezzling $187.50!

One day, in the hospital, another patient remarked, "You're always writing letters. Who do you write to? The judge?"

"My family," I replied. "Don't you ever write your folks?"

"Nope; can't write."

"Can't write!" I thought a minute. "I'll be glad to write a letter for you."

His face broke out in smiles: "Would you, sure enough?"

As he rattled off the things I was to write his mother, he reminded me of a hungry child with a stick of candy. Then I mentioned that I had once taught school and he gave me the nickname, "Teacher." This spread like wildfire and soon I was writing letters for several patients. When I returned to the cell block, I had an established occupation. My discovery of service for others took away my feelings of guilt and helplessness; I felt genuinely wanted. Naturally, I would take nothing for my service except, on rare occasions, a few stamps.

Then one day I received a request to visit the hospital and write a letter for a patient. Normally, one inmate is not permitted to visit another who is hospitalized. But in this case the captain of the guard seemed happy to write my pass. Requests for me to visit the hospital mounted and soon became a burden on the office people who had to type, time, and post each pass. I therefore asked the deputy warden for two afternoons each week to write letters, run errands, and carry reading material to the patients. My request was granted.

I had been assigned to the chaplain's office and there I wrote to friends, telling them what I was trying to do. Many sent books, stamps, combs, and other items, which were stored away and distributed as needed.

One day I asked Uncle Gabe, an 80-year-old man who had spent the last 14 years in the prison's tuberculosis hospital, "What are you expecting for Christmas this year?"

He gave me a wry smile. "Same as I got last year," he said bitterly. "Nothing."

I was amazed. Could it be possible that there were men in prison who were not remembered at Christmas? I recalled Jesus' admonition in the words, "I was in prison and ye visited me not." I placed a notice on the bulletin board, asking men who had no one to send them a Christmas package to see me. They did—111 of them. And all 111 received packages Christmas Day.

The gifts came from church groups and individuals. "I had never thought of sending Christmas gifts to prisoners," one Christian lady wrote. "I baked them some of my best fruitcake." Then she added, "Take this $5 and buy them something else from the prison canteen."

"I got a Christmas card and a letter from the folks you got to send me the Christmas box," one inmate later told me. "It was my first letter in the 17 years I've been here. I think

Uncle Gabe took my hand. "You've done more for me than anyone else. . . . If I had had someone like you to help me a long time ago . . . I would not have to die in prison."

that I'll just frame it and keep it."

My heart rejoiced. I had found my place in the world. I was doing for others and not for myself. I had asked God to show me how I could help them; now my prayer was being answered. I realized at last that to be happy a Christian must work and help others.

Now I returned to my music and played for the chapel services. It wasn't long till several men asked me to teach them to read music. Again the warden and the deputy warden co-operated, giving me a room in the main building as a classroom. I wrote simple instruction books and ran them off on our duplicating machine—and soon I had a waiting list of pupils.

Like my letter writing, this was done in addition to my regular work as secretary to the chaplain. Yet I was happy; the men were learning to read music and many joined our choir. Time does not permit private lessons now, but when a student has finished one semester in my Basic Rudiment Class, I pass him on to other classes, such as Class Piano or Basic Harmony, and give him periods to practice on some of the instruments donated by Christian

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A minister once remarked to his congregation that every blade of grass was a sermon. A week or so later when he was mowing the grass on the parsonage lawn, a member, passing by, cheerfully called out, "That's the stuff, Reverend, cut 'em short!"

—Mrs. Vivian Powell, *Jacksonville, Ill.*

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When a sign, "Stop for Pedestrians," was erected in our town square a nearsighted Methodist lady asked, "Why do we have to stop for Presbyterians?"

—Zora Lee Bess, *West Plains, Mo.*

•

A minister wrote a book on marriage and religion for an out-of-town publisher, who then paid him a visit.

A parishioner next door, puzzled about the stranger and fearing another church was trying to get the minister, casually asked the clergyman's son about the stranger's big car.

"Oh," the boy replied, "that belongs to daddy's bookmaker."

—Marion Timmens, *Montford, Wis.*

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Trying to impress on my son that he should take good care of a souvenir from Jerusalem, I said, "This is from the Holy Land and it is so far away we'll never be able to go there."

Next day when showing his gift to a neighbor girl, he announced, "This is from heaven, and that's one place our family will never go."

—Mrs. B. J. W[illegible], *Washington, Ind.*

•

A little Ohio lad attending church school for the first time was asked by his teacher, "Who made you?" "Made me?" "Yes, who made you?"

"Why, God made me 'bout so long," holding his hands a few inches apart, "but I growed all the rest."

—Original Source Unknown

•

A preacher's small son had to apologize for forgetting his aunt's birthday. He wrote, "I am sorry I forgot your birthday. I have no excuse, and it would serve me right if you forgot mine, which is next Friday."

—Beverly Ann Barnes, *Great Bend, Kans.*

•

My young sons and I agreed to compliment Father when we thought he had a particularly fine sermon.

So one Sunday at dinner our eldest said, "Daddy, your sermon was great today." Harold, who was six, piped up, "Yes, but you sure missed some good closing places!"

—Mrs. W. M. Gross, *Ridgefield, Conn.*

•

The young girl was solicitously leading her younger brother by the hand across the town square. Both his eyes were tightly closed.

"What's the matter?" asked Author Robert Beasley, sympathetically. "Can't the little fellow see?"

"Oh, he's all right," the little girl assured him. "We do this every Saturday when the sun's bright. That way, when we get inside the movies he can open his eyes and find us two seats right away."

—Edward Bentley, *Jackson, Mich.*

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During the first of 39 years in the ministry, I visited one home where an elderly lady invited me in. She told me: "I am a Methodist, but my membership is back in Georgia."

I suggested, "I will be happy to get your certificate."

"Well, not now," she replied. "I am just visiting my daughter."

"How long have you visited her?" I asked.

"Thirty-five years," she said without hesitation.

—Beverly H. Tucker, *Spartanburg, S.C.*

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Let us share your favorite church-related chuckle with our family of Together *readers. Contributors of those we print receive $5 each. Sorry; no contributions can be returned.*—Eds.

friends. Several students now play in the chapel orchestra.

Music stores have donated damaged instruction books; radio stations have sent boxes of music, and music teachers have helped build our music library.

One day, not long ago, Uncle Gabe sent for me to come to the hospital and bring my accordion. When I got to the door, the attendant told me the old man was about gone. I played a few songs for him and he asked me to read from his Bible and pray. Then he took my hand.

"You've done more for me than anyone else has ever tried to do," he said. "If I had had someone like you to help me a long time ago, I might never have been in prison, and I'm sure I would not have to die in prison." He choked and couldn't speak for several minutes. Then: "I love you for what you've done. That's all I have to give you is my love."

He patted my hand and I thought, "Love; that's why Christ died for us. Prisoners and free people alike."

Bed 12 was empty when I went back the next afternoon, but a pair of flannel pajamas still hung on the foot to remind me that a kind old lady in Illinois had responded to my request for a pair of pajamas for Uncle Gabe last Christmas. And the two cans of chicken soup on the night stand reminded me of the Christian woman in Georgia who had helped furnish money to buy the little things he asked for during his last days on earth. Gifts like these had softened the heart of the man who had long been considered incorrigible. Now his bed was empty, but I wasn't worried about his soul.

Today I have only a short time left on my minimum sentence.* This will pass quickly, for I have found happiness in prison. How? By serving God. I have found that when I help others I am serving God as he would have me do.

For the first time, I have peace in my heart and in my soul. Now, when I hear a man cursing as I did that first night, I say a prayer for him and try to help him.

I have no fear of the tomorrows that lie ahead, for I know without a doubt that God is by my side.

* Unconditionally released after serving his minimum sentence of less than six years, Mr. Williams is now touring the U.S. giving concerts and lecturing on his prison experiences.—Eds.

Ten Commandments

(For a first-time mother)

By DANA BROOKINS

1. Thou shalt not forsake thy womanhood for motherhood, for the two are compatible and a comely woman is a comely mother. In short, thou shalt not let thyself go.

2. Thou shalt impress upon thyself that thy housework must slide a bit, for it is a wise mother who recognizes her strength's limitations. Pamper thyself with frequent rests.

3. Thou shalt bestow upon thy tiny one a multitude of loving sounds and pats, that he may be assured of his position in thy heart.

4. Recalling that no two babies are alike, thou shalt listen to well-meaning advice and then adhere to thine own judgment of what is right for baby. When in doubt thou shalt consult thy doctor.

5. Thou shalt accustom thyself to early morning hunger demands, recognizing that these feeding moments, when all about is soft stillness, give thee golden time to draw closer to thy child.

6. Thou shalt guard thy wee one against thoughtless visitors who come bearing sniffles. Thou shalt deal with these visitors with kind firmness, explaining that baby is susceptible to germ attacks.

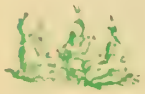
7. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor baby's five-month tooth, nor his agility in walking at 10 months, nor his first loving shout of *Mama,* for thy child will have his own abilities.

8. Thou shalt not suffer thy husband to bear a cutoff nose because baby receives more attention than he.

9. Thou shalt encourage thy husband to practice his fatherhood, for his arms, as thine, baby needs. Teach him to feed, to dress, yea, even to bathe his child.

10. Thou shalt give thanks that where there were two, now there are three. And the glory of thy parenthood shall shine forth from thy face, for, truly, thou art blest.

Does Your Church Say



MIDMONTH POWWOW

Each month TOGETHER presents a *Powwow*—a panel of opinions. But this month's is different in form. It begins with the article by Ray Kasper, which came to us unsolicited. Frankly, when we first read it, we were troubled. So we got comments from pastors and laymen over the country to learn how alert churches are meeting the problems Mr. Kasper describes. What do you think?—*Your Editors*

AT DUSK one Sunday, my wife and I drove into a quiet little town and, seeking a place to worship, stopped at a gas station for help. "Is there a church near here?" I asked.

For a moment the attendant looked blank. Then he called to a man in the grease pit: "Hey, Frank! Is there a church around here?"

A grimy face popped into view. "Church? Yeah, there's one two blocks down thataway." He gestured with a wrench.

"What church is it?" I inquired.

"Uh, guess I don't know that, mister," he answered. And he turned back to his work.

I called out my thanks and drove off "thataway." After passing two blocks of pleasant-looking white frame houses, we came to a small church, also painted white. A bare bulb hung over the door, shedding only enough light to illuminate the steps while leaving the building indistinguishable from the others along the tree-lined street.

I thought to myself, "We are the light of the world—yet our light is the dimmest."

So far as I could see, the grounds were well kept but devoid of any sign telling what church this was or when services were conducted. However, the fact that a few cars were parked along the curb suggested that services must be in progress. We went in—and found we were right. But no one could have told from outside.

This sort of situation is deplorable—and widespread. I travel a lot, from coast to coast and from the Canadian border into Mexico, so during the next few months I looked for churches of any denomination as I drove along, reaching 500 before I tired of counting. Of the 500, more than 300 were not identified by any sign I could see. Four out of five that I passed at night were feebly lit or had no outside light at all.

Happily, there were some that were brightly illuminated, with clearly visible signs on the property and on busy thoroughfares, and with other ways of saying "hello" to friend and stranger. But most churches apparently feel there is no need to advertise. I think they're mistaken. Nearly every successful enterprise advertises. We can prove the success of advertising by looking at ourselves.

We buy advertised shoes, dresses, suits, ties, hose, shaving cream, cosmetics. We drive advertised automobiles, eat advertised food, go to advertised sales. Although many of us do not see the necessity for advertising our churches, we say we're in the King's business. Today businesses everywhere light up to let us know they want our patronage. Why don't churches?

We in the church need a revolution, a Christian revolution, the kind that tells people we mean business for God, that we're alive and happy, that we want them to join us and be happy, too.

Let's say "hello" to everyone, invite them in, and make them welcome.

—RAY KASPER

•

Pastors told TOGETHER that signs are commonly used to catch the eyes of passers-by. Road markers often are placed along main highways and at busy intersections, and bulletin boards or lawn markers stand on the grounds of many churches. Frequently used are the official cream-and-maroon Methodist road markers, 24-by-30-inch enameled-steel signs sold through Cokesbury Book Stores.

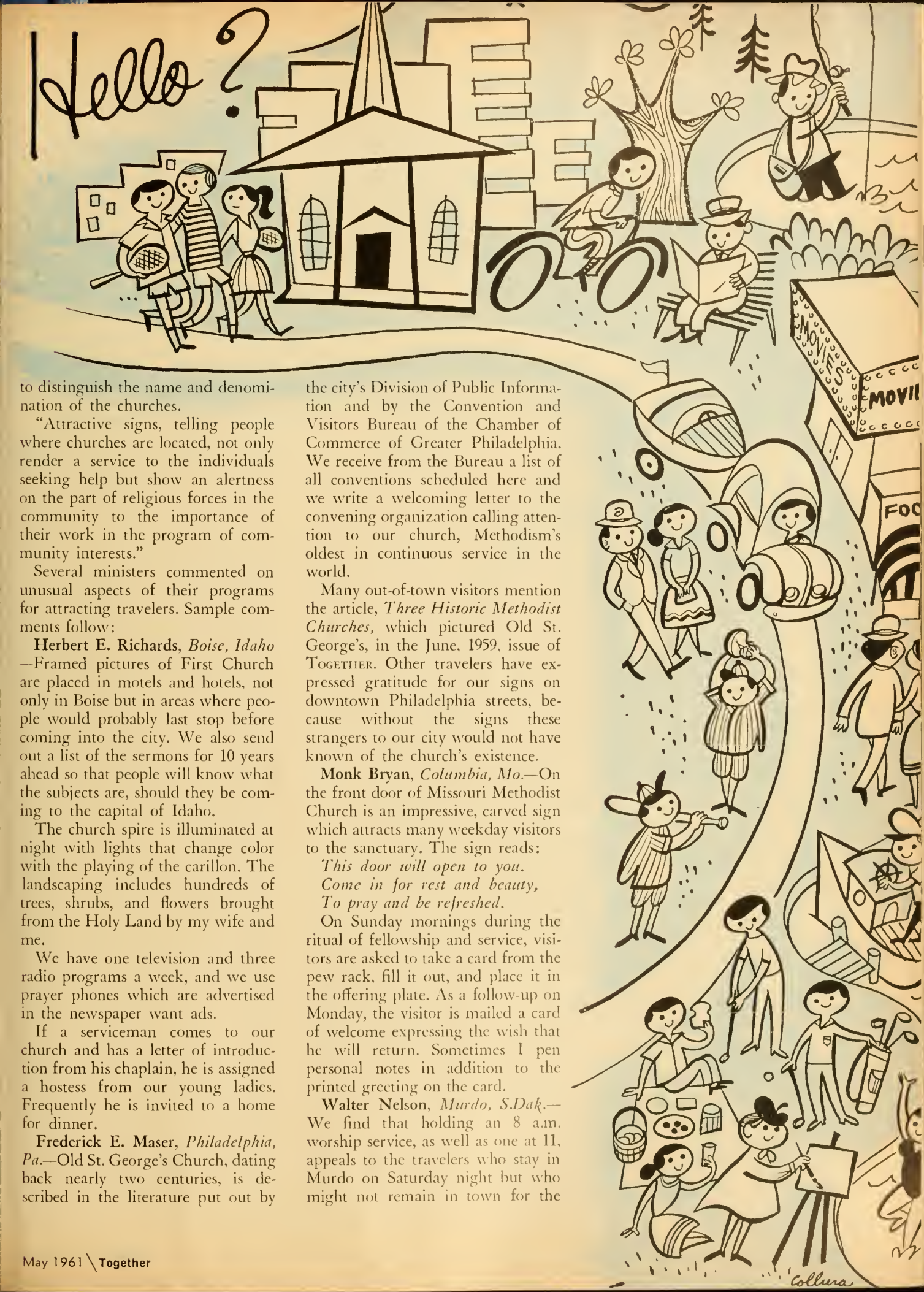
At least 40,000 of these road markers have been sold—about 30,000 of the yellow-and-black signs previously used and 10,000 of the current signs.

Other widely used attention-getters include newspaper advertisements; spotlighted church doors, spires, or crosses, and printed literature at hotels, motels, bus stations, railroad depots, airports, restaurants, and Chamber of Commerce offices. From bell to carillon, from radio broadcasts to recorded hymns played from a church-tower loudspeaker, music is used to beckon all within hearing.

At many churches, a variety of ways are used to make a traveler welcome. There may be greeters at the door; a ribbon may be pinned on the visitor's lapel to help members identify and welcome him; there may be a register to sign, or a visitors' card to fill out. After services, some churches take strangers on a tour of the building or invite them to get acquainted with members at an informal coffee hour.

The importance of identifying churches for travelers was stated by **H. Clifford Northcott**, *Madison, Wis.*, former bishop of the Wisconsin Area, in a letter to TOGETHER:

"I am deeply interested in seeing that every Methodist church in our Area is attractively marked with some kind of dignified church sign. It is disappointing indeed to go to a new community and not be able



to distinguish the name and denomination of the churches.

"Attractive signs, telling people where churches are located, not only render a service to the individuals seeking help but show an alertness on the part of religious forces in the community to the importance of their work in the program of community interests."

Several ministers commented on unusual aspects of their programs for attracting travelers. Sample comments follow:

Herbert E. Richards, *Boise, Idaho*—Framed pictures of First Church are placed in motels and hotels, not only in Boise but in areas where people would probably last stop before coming into the city. We also send out a list of the sermons for 10 years ahead so that people will know what the subjects are, should they be coming to the capital of Idaho.

The church spire is illuminated at night with lights that change color with the playing of the carillon. The landscaping includes hundreds of trees, shrubs, and flowers brought from the Holy Land by my wife and me.

We have one television and three radio programs a week, and we use prayer phones which are advertised in the newspaper want ads.

If a serviceman comes to our church and has a letter of introduction from his chaplain, he is assigned a hostess from our young ladies. Frequently he is invited to a home for dinner.

Frederick E. Maser, *Philadelphia, Pa.*—Old St. George's Church, dating back nearly two centuries, is described in the literature put out by the city's Division of Public Information and by the Convention and Visitors Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce of Greater Philadelphia. We receive from the Bureau a list of all conventions scheduled here and we write a welcoming letter to the convening organization calling attention to our church, Methodism's oldest in continuous service in the world.

Many out-of-town visitors mention the article, *Three Historic Methodist Churches,* which pictured Old St. George's, in the June, 1959, issue of TOGETHER. Other travelers have expressed gratitude for our signs on downtown Philadelphia streets, because without the signs these strangers to our city would not have known of the church's existence.

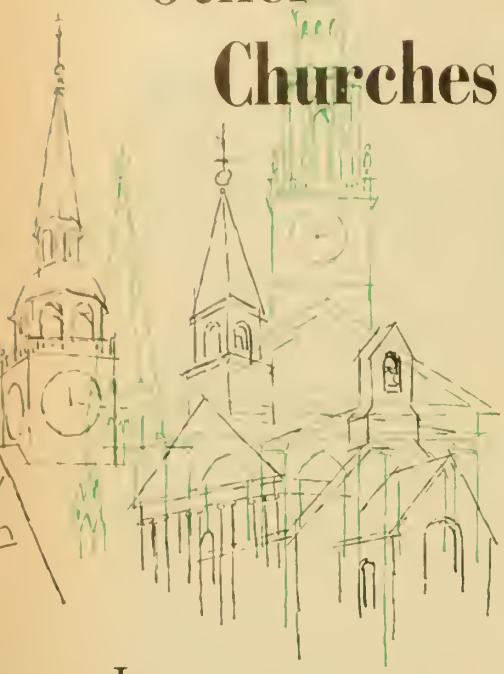
Monk Bryan, *Columbia, Mo.*—On the front door of Missouri Methodist Church is an impressive, carved sign which attracts many weekday visitors to the sanctuary. The sign reads:

This door will open to you.
Come in for rest and beauty,
To pray and be refreshed.

On Sunday mornings during the ritual of fellowship and service, visitors are asked to take a card from the pew rack, fill it out, and place it in the offering plate. As a follow-up on Monday, the visitor is mailed a card of welcome expressing the wish that he will return. Sometimes I pen personal notes in addition to the printed greeting on the card.

Walter Nelson, *Murdo, S.Dak.*—We find that holding an 8 a.m. worship service, as well as one at 11, appeals to the travelers who stay in Murdo on Saturday night but who might not remain in town for the

We Visit Other Churches



IN OUR FAMILY, we take advantage of every opportunity to attend services in some other church—and we do it without sacrificing any support of our home congregation.

The secret is simply to do our church visiting during vacations, on weekends away from home, on Sunday evenings, and on such special occasions as Lent, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. We hope these experiences will stimulate and enrich our children's spiritual lives.

Worshiping in a sanctuary other than his own, we believe, sharpens a child's perception and makes him listen more closely to the services. He becomes aware of differences in the order of worship, the presentation of the music, even of the building itself. And he soon realizes that not only he and his parents, but children and their families everywhere, in all churches, worship God.

How can such a child help but notice the devotion and reverence of people of some other denomination? Surely in time he will develop a broadened outlook and be far less likely to fall victim to those who spread distrust and bigotry.

We like to think, too, that when our youngsters are grown and away from home they will feel always that the door of every church is open to them—and that, when they enter that door, they will find their Creator waiting for them.

—E. MARJORIE KRAMPE

11 a.m. Sunday service before driving on to the Badlands or Black Hills.

To hold our visitors' cards, we use a "hymnal band"—a strip of paper fastened with cellophane tape to the cover of the hymnal and with slits cut in it to hold the card. I always write to the pastor of each visitor's home church to say how much we at Murdo Methodist Church appreciated meeting the visitor. People have stopped by in following years just because of this letter.

William Highfield, *Cooperstown, N.Y.*—We spotlight Cooperstown Methodist Church at night during Advent and Christmastide. In the spring we plant a bed of flowers in the form of a cross in front.

Warren S. Bainbridge, *Salt Lake City, Utah*—The name of First Methodist Church is emblazoned around the tower with a neon sign, and a neon cross shines forth at the top. Recorded hymns and chimes are played from the tower before Sunday-morning services. One Sunday a visitor told me: "Hearing your tower chimes this morning, I was reminded that, though far from home, the church was calling me to worship."

Al Burton Eliason, *Milwaukee, Wis.*—We moved into Brown Deer Community Methodist Church's new chapel and parsonage just a few months ago. The contemporary design of the buildings, located along busy Highway 100 that connects Milwaukee with Madison, easily catches the eye of passers-by. We already have had visitors tell us that "the architecture of your church inspired us as we passed along."

Harper J. Sasser, *Gatlinburg, Tenn.*—Gatlinburg is located near an entrance to Great Smoky Mountains National Park, so many visitors at First Church services are vacationers. They are welcomed from the pulpit.

We frequently receive notes of gratitude, thanking us for providing a place of worship for vacationers. Said one: "We have enjoyed all our vacation in the Smokies, but hearing your chimes last night, we discovered your beautiful stone church on the side of the mountain. Your worship service this morning was the highest point of our vacation."

Laymen also were asked to help by telling of their experiences in locating a place of worship while traveling. A few of their comments follow:

Mrs. John H. Aldrich, *Tilton, N.H.*—We were driving from Burlington, Vt., to Rochester, Vt., one Sunday morning when we realized that we would not reach our destination in time to attend church with our hosts. We stopped along the way when we heard a church bell pealing. We entered and discovered we had come upon an early service for young people. They not only asked us to stay but expressed a warm welcome to us strangers who had dropped in unexpectedly.

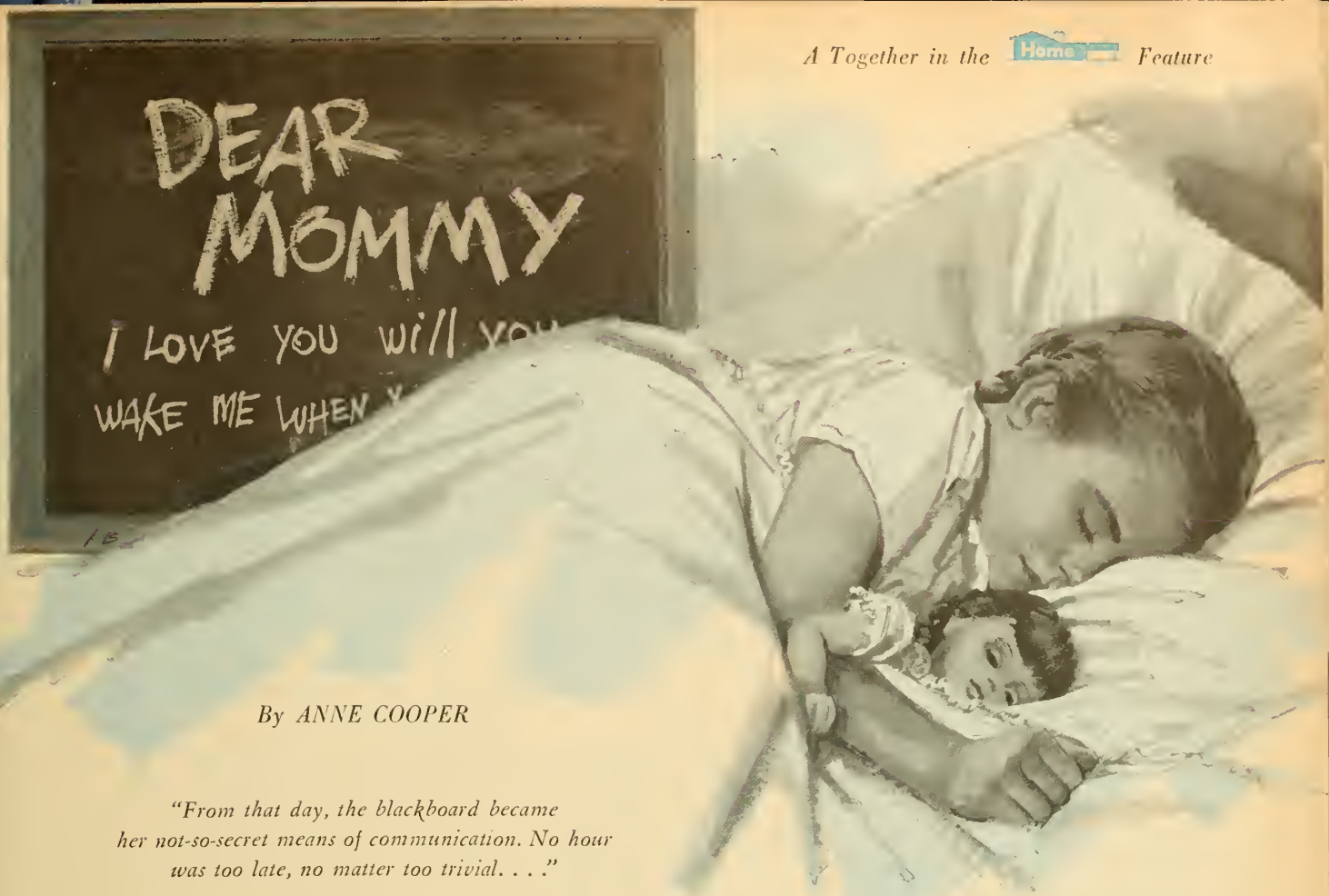
Mrs. Arthur R. Weed, *Wilmette, Ill.*—Our family always plans to go to church when we are traveling. Sometimes we learn of the church through announcements in a motel, but more often we have to ask the motel owner for directions. Never is it easy to find a church. Churches do not seem to expect any visitors and they do not make it easy for strangers to find their church. We always have to make the effort, but it is worthwhile because it's the best way to meet the people who stand for the best in their community. Each church one visits in a strange area is distinctive, and gives one a flavor of the place and the people.

Thoburn T. Brumbaugh, *New Rochelle, N.Y.*—I have located churches in strange towns by seeing the cross on the building, a bulletin board along the street, a Saturday newspaper announcement, or a church directory in a hotel lobby.

However, it hasn't always been that easy. Once I followed the directions given me by a hotel clerk for locating the Methodist church, and I wound up in front of a Catholic church instead.

Mrs. John Dougherty, *Portland, Oreg.*—Several years ago my husband and I moved into a new neighborhood. We soon were called upon by two young people who asked us to come to a dinner at their church. We were made so welcome that we joined not long afterward. Since then I have served three years as president of WSCS at Errol Heights Methodist Church and now am chairman of our Membership and Evangelism Commission.

My response to a friendly welcome years ago has been my loyal devotion to the church ever since.



By ANNE COOPER

"From that day, the blackboard became her not-so-secret means of communication. No hour was too late, no matter too trivial. . . ."

I'LL NEVER forget the night my husband put up the blackboard in Phyllis' bedroom. Hanging on the wall of the small room, it seemed a vast expanse. I think we were as excited as our buoyant 10-year-old.

This, we thought, will be the instrument for the unfolding of our little girl's dreams, her youthful outpouring of love for life. Little did we imagine!

Shortly after the blackboard hanging, we gave Phyllis a set of biographies for her birthday. Perhaps it was a vision of Florence Nightingale caring for the sick and consequently being presented to Queen Victoria which prompted what happened next. But one day I entered Phyllis' room and found this message scrawled on the blackboard:

"Dear Mommy: I am wondering what I should do to become famous. I guess maybe I never can, though. I'm too normal! Love, Phyllis."

From that day, the blackboard became her not-so-secret means of communication. No hour was too late, no matter too trivial, for a chalked communiqué. Such as the evening Jim and I played hooky from parenthood to attend a movie, leaving Phyllis and her 17-year-old brother, Marty, to clean up the kitchen. We returned to find a hastily scribbled note on the blackboard:

"Dear Mommy: I love you. Will you wake me when you read this, no matter how cute I look in my sleep? I have something very important to tell you. Love, Phyllis."

The world-shaking news concerned the injustices which befall a small girl under a big brother's rule. Sleepy-eyed, hair tousled, she sat up in bed, relating the trials of the evening. Then, her frustrations eased, she gave me a fleeting kiss and plopped back into deep slumber. Before slipping out of her room, I quietly erased her urgent message and squeakily wrote a new one:

"Dear Phyllis: Good morning, darling. I love you, too. Love, Mother."

Phyllis frequently was frustrated by what she considered the dictatorial attitude of the two men in our family. When they terminated her services as scrabble scorekeeper, saying she chattered too much, she vented her emotions in this note:

"Dear Daddy and Marty: I hope you both lose very much. You're very inconsiderate, and I mean it. Don't love me tender, cause I'm mad at you. Love, Phyllis."

When she was away at a girls camp, Phyllis' post card to her brother was a masterpiece of brevity: "Dear Marty: I don't miss you, but I love you. Love, Phyllis."

Only once did Phyllis fail to include some word of love or thanks for us in her blackboard messages. She had been in bed for more than 10 minutes one evening when she reappeared in the living room to announce gravely that she had a callus on her big toe.

"You've had it for six months. Why make an issue now?" I demanded.

"You're stalling," her father said sternly. Scrawled across the board next morning was an indignant: "Humph!"

When winter turned to spring that year, Phyllis caught a cold which kept her bedridden for days. I spent long hours ministering to her needs and was near exhaustion myself. Then one night, when I tiptoed into her room to see if she were sleeping,

Announcing

The Charles Wesley Award

"SING LUSTILY and with a good courage," John Wesley advised his people called Methodist. They did, and Methodism grew to the sound of music. Yet foremost among the thousands of men and women who have enriched Methodism's musical heritage is Charles Wesley, John's brother. He gave us more than 6,500 hymns, including such all-time favorites as *O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing, Christ the Lord Is Risen Today,* and *Soldiers of Christ, Arise.*

In his honor, and in co-operation with the General Committee on Family Life, TOGETHER announces The Charles Wesley Award. From now until September 1, 1961, you're invited to compose new words to the meter of any hymn you choose from *The Methodist Hymnal.* We suggest one of those written in common meter (see C.M. list on page 682 of your *Hymnal*), such as *All Hail the Power* (No. 164) or *Joy to the World!* (No. 89). But three stanzas written to the meter of any well-known Methodist hymn are acceptable. Just designate on your entry which meter you use.

The subject? You'll have no trouble with this one, for the focus is on the family. Lyrics should reflect any of the many ways we worship, work, and live together as Christians. Mirror the family of 1961—how its members react to each other, to their church, to their community, and to the world at large. In short, express the spiritual heartbeat of the Christian family in its acts of doing and thinking.

The winning lyrics will be published in TOGETHER for February, 1962. From that date until May 15, 1962, the second part of the Charles Wesley Award will be open for the submission of music to accompany the winning words. A $100 first-place award, $50 for the runner-up, and five honorable mention awards will be given in each of the two categories.

The winning combination of words and music will be premiered at the Methodist National Conference on Family Life in the fall of 1962 and published simultaneously in TOGETHER.

Remember: the deadline for submitting lyrics is September 1, 1961.

Send your entries to:

MUSIC EDITOR, **Together**
740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

the dim light on her dresser revealed a note that made my tired eyes misty:

"Dear Mommy: Thank you for taking care of me today. I hope I didn't tire you too much, and I'm sorry if I did. I wonder if I'll ever be able to make my little girl as comfortable as you make me. What a wonderful mother! Love, Phyllis."

As she grew older and lost interest in dolls, Phyllis transferred her maternal feelings to our parakeet. Her enthusiasm was boundless as she tried to make him talk. I even had strict orders that, while she was in school, I was to play talking records for "Happy." It was all in vain, however, and Phyllis felt my dismay. To console me, she left this missive on the blackboard:

"Dear Mommy: This Wednesday I will have had Happy a year. Just think! A whole year to put up with that bird! But, I love him, even if he doesn't talk. I didn't talk for a while either (remember?), and you put up with me much more than a year. Love, Phyllis."

On her 12th birthday, Phyllis received a diary from a friend. Soon, the blackboard messages began to appear less and less frequently. Phyllis was spending her evenings writing in the secret document. One night, she invited me to read the entries. As we sprawled across her bed, she shyly turned to a page entitled: "Things My Family Simply Will Not Let Me Do!"

"I wish they would let me be more mature sometimes," I read. "I wish they would let me decide if I need a coat or not. Because if I'm cold I'm sure to come back.

"They're going to let me wear lipstick in B-8 (I think). But they will make me feel like a martyr. I know they will. Mommy won't. She's too considerate. She'll spare my feelings, even if she doesn't like it. But Marty and Daddy won't. They're men.

"Another main thing, even more main than lipstick, is I wish they would let me correct them. Mommy does, sometimes. All in all I have a very good family."

As I read, I knew Phyllis was yearning for recognition, that she wanted us to realize she no longer was a little girl. Her blackboard days were over, but we had established a habit of communication that would benefit all of us in the years ahead.

Water colors by Floyd A. Johnson; Copyright, 1961, by Lovick Pierce

Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;

The Lord's Prayer

He was praying in a certain place, and when he ceased, one of his disciples said to him, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John taught his disciples." And he said to them, "When you pray, say . . ."

Thy kingdom come;

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this a

daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Part of the United States since 1898 and a unique 'commonwealth' since 1952, the lovely Pearl of the Antilles has become a showcase for democracy. In this new climate of political and economic freedom, Christian witness is a needed force.

Puerto Rico

Land of Protestant Opportunity

By FRED PIERCE CORSON
Bishop, Philadelphia Area, The Methodist Church

PUERTO RICO is in the process of being rediscovered. Four hundred years ago the Spaniards saw this island, slightly larger than the state of Delaware, as a doorway to wealth. Ponce de León, its conqueror, named it Puerto Rico—meaning "Rich Port." Under Spanish exploitation—and the domination of the Roman Catholic Church—"the land of riches" became "the poorhouse of the Caribbean."

At the turn of this century, liberation came to Puerto Rico through intervention by the United States. Spain's colonial policy of exploitation was replaced by an effort to bring to the island's inhabitants freedom and self-realization.

The crushing heels of political and religious tyranny had left ugly scars on the "Pearl of the Antilles." Under Spanish rule, poverty haunted the island's inhabitants, most of whom lived under a peonage system which amounted to slave labor. Disease and malnutrition were explained away as God's will. Education was available only for the small ruling class. Self-government was both treason and heresy.

Paradoxically, this land of total liability appeared to North Americans as a doorway to opportunity—opportunity to establish in Latin America a genuine democracy based on an economy which would produce a large middle class of educated and self-supporting citizens. An audit of the 60 years of this stewardship shows that Puerto Rico has moved from a condition of slavery to self-determination and growing self-realization.*

In recognition of Methodist work on the island, Bishop Corson, presiding officer of the Puerto Rico Provisional Annual Conference, was made an adopted son of San Juan by Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier, its mayoress.

Political freedom, to be realized, requires economic freedom. The old agricultural economy of Puerto Rico, based on sugar, tobacco, and coffee, had led to seasonal unemployment, substandard subsistence, and cultural stagnation.

Changing this economy has been a long and difficult undertaking. Unemployment is still high in this overpopulated country—at present about 14 per cent. However, the average net income of the farm population has been raised nearly 400 per cent; and

* *For a report on its religious development, see the pictorial* Puerto Rico Is Growing Up Fast, *March, 1960, pages 37-44.* —Eds.

Methodist-supported schools help meet a critical classroom need by enrolling some 2,500 pupils.

under Governor Luis Muñoz Marín's program of labor diversification, known as Operation Bootstrap, 600 new small industries employing 60,000 workers have added about $300 million to Puerto Rico's annual gross income. Among workers not in agricultural occupations, the average net income now is about $2,100 a year.

This rising standard of living also has reduced greatly the political volatility which is an unsettling factor in many other Latin American governments.

Political freedom, for its maintenance, must have educational freedom. Schools unimpeded by political or religious pressure, available to all of school age, always have followed the American flag. Today, despite the island's limited financial resources and a shortage of trained teachers, 95 per cent of Puerto Rican children between the ages of 6 and 12 are enrolled in school; and 17,000 students now are attending the University of Puerto Rico.

Church-run schools, needed to help meet the education shortage, flourish with the blessing of the government—but with no state support, and with carefully guarded separation of Church and State. (A major objective of recent Roman Catholic attacks on Governor Muñoz and his Popular Democratic Party was restoration of Roman Catholic influence in public education.) All schools must, of course, meet standards set by the commonwealth department of education.

The Methodist Church participates in this educational program and maintains several schools, chiefly providing primary education for about 2,500 pupils. The Robinson School and the Colegio Obispo Fred P. Corson both offer education through high-school grades. Recently the Colegio Obispo Fred P. Corson was awarded a certificate of merit by the commonwealth department of education.

Political freedom needs, for its security, social well-being, just as communism trades on substandard living conditions. The blight which was bequeathed by Spain, though greatly moderated, still plagues Puerto Rico. Slums are a problem in the cities, and slum living conditions disfigure the countryside.

The attitude of the government toward this problem is best seen in its record of slum clearance and public-health activities. Within the last decade, more than 100,000 new housing units have been erected at a cost of $500 million. Public housing and U.S. Federal Housing Administration loans have made this improvement possible, although more than 10,000 homes in the country have been erected by means of a self-help plan in which the government provides building materials.

Improvement in health conditions is reflected in the remarkable extension of life expectancy. Thirty years ago it was less than 40 years; today it is 70.6 years. Much of this progress is due to a declining death rate among children, whose chief killer once was malnutrition.

Puerto Rico now has its own accredited medical school, but still there is only one doctor for each 3,000 people—more than double the number established by U.S. standards for adequate medical care. This handicap is partially overcome by government-provided clinics, plus a system of government-maintained community general hospitals and a dozen large regional hospitals which treat referral cases needing specialization.

Puerto Ricans were admitted to United States citizenship in 1917. Fortunately, for their political as well as personal well-being, they receive U.S. Social Security benefits. These benefits have greatly ameliorated dire conditions of poverty among older citizens.

Americans inclined to complain about the cost of our relationship to Puerto Rico—for it has been costly—should realize that without this help toward self-realization we would not have a showcase for democracy ready and eager to play an effective role in the current struggle to save Latin America from totalitarianism.

Political freedom has survived in Puerto Rico because of the atmosphere created by religious freedom. People who govern themselves require education free from propaganda and religion free from authoritarian control. Liberation brought with it to Puerto Rico the American doctrine of separation of Church and State. Doors were opened to all re-

Playtime at a Methodist center, and pastor's wife Guinelle Garrard finds herself surrounded.

ligious faiths on a basis of equality.

This new policy gave Protestantism its first fair chance to be heard, and Methodists responded at once. The first Methodist missionary arrived from the U.S. in 1900, and Puerto Rico's annual conference was organized the next year. From what began as an ecclesiastical "operation bootstrap," The Methodist Church now has expanded to 120 preaching places, with property holdings of $3.5 million, including the first modern youth camp and the first full-fledged denominational student center in Puerto Rico. Our church now has more members in Puerto Rico than in Alaska and Hawaii combined.

While Protestant opportunity in Puerto Rico is provided by the open door of a working democracy, its realization lies in satisfying the spiritual poverty which is a menace to the Free World, especially in Latin American countries. In this respect, Puerto Rico becomes one of the most important areas of decision confronting The Methodist Church today. To turn back or to hold back now could mean losing all of Latin America to secularism, if not ultimately to communism. Puerto Rico, we must not forget, is the cornerstone upon which we hope will be built a truly democratic way of life for many more of our good neighbors to the south.

Basic to fulfillment of this opportunity is the climate of freedom. Puerto Ricans are committed to self-determination through the orderliness of the ballot box rather than the violence of revolution and dictatorship. While Castroism and communism are at work and must be counteracted, they have as yet gained no foothold. An uninhibited political and religious voice is a decisive factor in rendering totalitarian infiltration ineffective.

This climate of freedom has given Protestants in Puerto Rico a status not attained in other Latin American countries. Protestant adherence is no bar to social acceptance or to political preferment.

The effort by Roman Catholic bishops in 1960 to exercise direct influence in the political life of Puerto Rico by forbidding members of their church to vote for Governor Muñoz and his party met an unexpected show of defiance at the polls. While

Methodism's Summer Ambassadors

THE NEW U.S. Peace Corps, which excited such interest when it was proposed during the last election campaign, has a parallel in Methodism. For years, young Methodists of college age have participated in peaceful missions to help church projects in needy areas, both in the United States and at other points scattered around the world

Called "work camps," these summer missions combine physical work with study, worship, and fun. This year, more than 50 collegians who have completed their sophomore years will head for four major destinations: El Paso, Texas; Brasilia, Brazil; Chicago, Ill., and Cananea, Mexico. Sponsored jointly by the Methodist Student Movement and the Methodist Boards of Education and Missions, they'll bring much-needed help to the places they visit —and grow in Christian understanding with new knowledge of missionary frontiers. None will be paid; in fact, all will pay their own round-trip transportation costs.

Here's what they'll be doing:

Mexico Work Camp: Once there was a congregation of 400 people in the lovely mining town of Cananea, Sonora, located about 45 miles south of the Arizona border. Now, however, the church building has deteriorated through disuse, and Methodist numbers have dwindled to 50 in a city of 17,000. A dozen students will either repair this building or start work on a new one.

Inner-City Work Camp: Our swiftly changing urban patterns have posed countless problems for the church. Racial tensions, economic upheavals, and an exploding population all demand that our attention turn to the heart of our cities.

This summer, about 12 young men and women will study and work in the inner city of Chicago, Ill. In past years, similar service projects were conducted in Washington, D.C., New York City, and Detroit, Mich.

Brazil Work Camp: The excitingly modern capital of Brazil will

Typical work-camp project: refurbishing an inner-city church.

be the scene of a South American work camp. In that brand-new city, Brasilia, the church must prepare to serve the needs of its new inhabitants. The temporary and inadequate structure now serving as the Methodist church must be rebuilt. An American Methodist group—18 strong—will work alongside Brazilian students to do the job.

El Paso Work Camp: Americans of Mexican origin in El Paso, Tex., are grateful for the Houchen Settlement, a clinic, day nursery, and recreation center sponsored by the Woman's Division of Christian Service. Ten students will help make physical improvements at this center —painting, plastering, and generally reconditioning the building. They'll meet the folks they're helping, too, by working in the day nursery and clinic and helping with the youth program.

Inquiries about the Mexico and Brazil Work Camps should be sent to the Rev. Harvey C. Brown, P.O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn. Those regarding the El Paso and Chicago projects should go to the Rev. R. C Singleton, 13th Floor, 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y. All begin June 17, 1961.

—FRANCES HATHAWAY

Roman Catholicism claims 85 per cent of the population as its own, more than 60 per cent of the popular vote was cast for Governor Muñoz and his Popular Democratic Party.

Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier, mayoress of San Juan and a practicing Roman Catholic, did much to clarify the situation for other voters by insisting that loyalty to a church did not require the surrender of political judgment by any church member.

THE political defeat of the Roman Catholic Church in the November election brought into clearer focus the intellectual emancipation which has taken place—and the opportunity it presents to Protestantism. Puerto Ricans now are thinking for themselves in religious as well as political matters.

Renunciation of Roman Catholic dogma has, however, created an intellectual vacuum in religious thinking and belief which presents a real danger. By its very nature, we know such a vacuum will soon be filled. So Puerto Rico is at a religious crossroads.

Spiritual hunger already has led many to religious "isms." Fanatic pentecostalism has found fertile ground in Puerto Rico, and a secularistic philosophy of life is growing out of the soil of agnosticism. Protestantism must combine the emotional catharsis of sound evangelism with the soul nurture of good religious education in a massive and dramatic effort if evangelical Christianity is to capture the Latin mind and culture.

Youth holds the key to Puerto Rico's religious future. The leaders of tomorrow are now in the commonwealth's colleges and universities. The student community numbers well over 20,000. The University of Puerto Rico alone has a student body of 17,000 with a potential enrollment of 30,000 by 1970. Many in this group are religiously uncommitted. Yet Protestantism has hardly touched the fringe of this opportunity.

The Evangelical Council is a recognized Protestant religious agency now working on the university campus. Like similar campus religious organizations in the United States, it needs the support and assistance of denominational student workers. Methodism has pioneered in this field by providing the first denominational religious worker for the university and a well-equipped student center in the new University Methodist Church which faces the campus. The movement is a new thing for Puerto Rico, but it is well grounded and, with adequate support, will become a significant force in university life.

Youth has received little attention from the Roman Catholic Church in Latin American countries. A generation of socially neglected and religiously ignorant young people has been the result.

The Methodist Church received its first major government recognition as a beneficial agency in the cultural and social life of Puerto Rico by its attention to youth, symbolized in the erection of the Bishop Corson Youth Camp at Mameyes in the heart of the island. This was Puerto Rico's first modern assembly ground created for the religious, social, and recreational life of youth. Nearly $100,000, raised largely within Methodism's Philadelphia Area and with the help of the Division of National Missions, has been spent on camp buildings and equipment.

This one achievement graphically impressed Puerto Ricans that Methodism was interested in their welfare as people, not just as church members. In recognition of this interest, the government of San Juan, in fitting public ceremonies, made the resident bishop of the Philadelphia Area an "adopted son" of the city, the first Protestant prelate to be so honored.

Protestantism requires a completely different educational orientation from that given by the Roman Catholic Church. Religious education—encompassing both religious knowledge and churchmanship—is a prerequisite to the fulfillment of Protestant opportunity in the commonwealth. Stewardship, lay activities, and religious knowledge beyond church rubrics are new in Puerto Rico; and a full program of religious education must go hand in hand with the evangelism to which there now is such cordial response.

Methodism is a growing church in Puerto Rico, reporting at present a total full and preparatory membership approaching 15,000 and a 5 per cent increase in membership in 1960. Growth has been 147 per cent over the past 10 years, a period during which Protestantism in most parts of the world has been relatively static. Even in the United States the net gain in membership last year was less than 2 per cent. The extent of the Protestant opportunity in Puerto Rico can be measured by Methodist growth there and the evangelical vitality which has produced it.

The Methodist Church in Puerto Rico is still very young. More than 60 per cent of the active members of the Puerto Rico Provisional Annual Conference have been admitted during the last eight years. Being a young church, it hasn't yet the traditions and well-oiled mechanisms needed for self-realization.

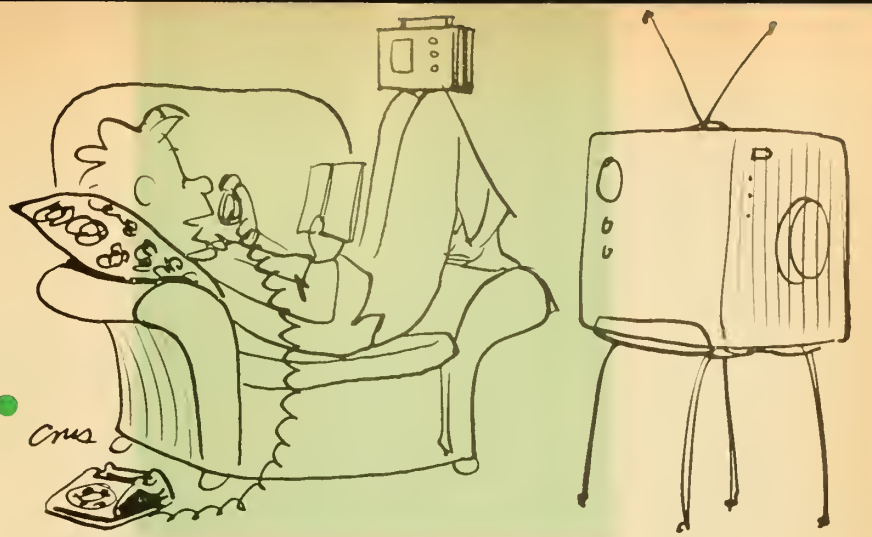
One of the most serious obstacles to growth today is a shortage of Puerto Ricans adequately trained for the ministry. Ten new communities asked for Methodist churches at the recent Annual Conference, but only two pastors could be supplied.

This shortage is on the way to a solution through a program of vocational commitment and scholarships for ministerial students. Youth responds to the call for Christian commitment in Puerto Rico. The Bishops' Crusaders, an organization of youth wholly committed to the Christian life, has attracted over 2,000 members in the past 8 years and has started more than 40 young men on the way to the Christian ministry. A Protestant youth movement also is in the making, and its promise is limited only by the kind of leadership it is given.

ALL indications point to the next decade as the crucial period of Protestant opportunity in Puerto Rico. Old religious ties have been loosened, and the people now are largely religiously uncommitted. Once Puerto Rico was claimed as a Roman Catholic preserve; now, hardly 25 per cent of the people there qualify as practicing Roman Catholics. A responsiveness to the Protestant approach is evident in every Protestant effort.

Thus Puerto Rico presents to Protestantism a new religious frontier. Nothing short of a bold venture of massive proportions will be able to capitalize on all its possibilities for evangelical Christianity.

Teens Together



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

By Richmond Barbour

"Sure, I can listen to the radio, watch TV, read a book, and talk on the telephone all at the same time, but I will admit that I'm glad breathing is automatic!"

Q *My trouble is spelling. I'll write a good term paper then ruin it by misspelling words. Can you help me?—J.V.*

A Do two things. First, carry around a pocket dictionary. When you are in doubt about a word, look it up. Second, make a list of words you misspell. Have your mother give you a three-minute spelling drill after dinner each evening. You'll soon learn the words.

Q *I'm a boy of 14 and belong to a church group. It is my turn to have a party. Some of the kids want to have flashlight dances. The lights are off, and boys cut in with flashlights. My parents forbid flashlight dances. Are such dances wrong?—J.F.*

A They are a step in the wrong direction. I wish all parents felt as yours do about them.

Q *I'm a girl of 16. I try to be a good Christian, but sometimes I fail. When the kids ask me to go to a picnic instead of to church, I say "yes." When they neck, I do, too. I pray for strength, but I am weak. How can I be strong?—K.R.*

A I've never known a conscientious Christian teen-ager who did not feel the need for more strength. You are in one of the most vulnerable periods of your life. Keep praying and trying. Build up your courage for specific crises, then face them quickly with your predetermined answers. Be happy over small evidences of progress. Control doesn't come overnight. Talk with your mother. She probably went through the same struggle and can help you.

Q *I'm 18 and stammer badly. I've never gone out with girls for fear of being laughed at. I went to a therapist, but my speech didn't improve. Where can I find a girl who will overlook my defect?—I.K.*

A I'm sorry you have isolated yourself. You have suffered unnecessarily. Become active in your church, join youth groups, volunteer your services. The girls and boys will overlook your stammering.

Q *Is it right for church young-people's groups to have dances? Our groups do. However, my parents are against it. They say social dancing is sinful. I reminded them that David danced before the Lord. They answered that he was not dancing with a woman. Is social dancing wrong?—M.J.*

A Each individual must make up his own mind about social dancing. Some fine people feel as your parents do. Most folks don't. I think dancing can be either sinful or decent. It depends on the intent of the dancers, and the way they dance. Many church youth and adult groups have dances.

Q *I'm 19, and a college senior. I've never cared for boys of my own age. For two years I've secretly dated a man of 47, a widower with children older than I. He makes me feel like a queen. My parents say I cannot marry him. He says they are jealous. Would it be wrong for us to elope?—C.F.*

A You would regret marrying a man so much older than you. I hope you will not elope. Instead look up the divorce figures. You'll find that the odds against happiness in such a marriage are very great. Remember your parents have your best interests at heart. They are worried, not jealous. Don't do anything you'll regret.

Q *I'm 15 and went with a boy for several months. We were in love and talked about getting married. Then my family moved to another state. We write to each other frequently. He dates other girls, and I go out with other boys, but I'm so lonesome for him I cry at night. Should I run away and go back to him?—L.G.*

A Don't run away. Keep on dating other boys. Have fun doing things with a good gang of kids. Almost certainly you'll find someone else you'll like.

Q *I'm a boy of 19 and have been married almost two years. I see that I married too soon. Now I am in love with a girl who works at my plant She is 22. She has her own car, and*

You Take Your Problem With You

By ROY L. SMITH

A WOMAN with an acid tongue and a bump of conceit decided she could solve her problem by moving. Within days, her new acquaintances were avoiding her, and she could not understand why she was not invited to join clubs or welcomed to dinners.

Then one day she asked her pastor, "What's wrong with me? Everyone avoids me."

From several sources he had heard about her sharp words, her unreasonable suspicions, and her unpleasant conceits. "The difficulties you have found here," he said, "you will find everywhere because you carry them with you as traveling companions. No one from your former home wrote to these people, warning them against your suspicions or your caustic comment. The people about whom you complain discovered those unpleasant traits in you almost from the first day you arrived."

The person who stoops to hate will find something hateful in every town. He who is intent on digging up scandal will find it everywhere.

The person who enjoys the gentle and the gracious will find any neighborhood comforting, and the one who has no interest in bad news about good people will breathe clean air in any town.

In Psalm 139 is a wise prayer which, if prayed with complete honesty, might save some of us from great embarrassment: "Search me . . . Try me . . . And see if there be any wicked way in me."

The wisdom of the prayer appears when we put the personal pronouns in italics: "Search *me* . . . Try *me* . . . And see if there be any wicked way in *me*."

Most of us can point out the wicked ways in our neighbors; it is another thing entirely when we point out the wicked ways in ourselves.

Many of us suffer at the hands of evil acquaintances, but few enemies inflict wounds as serious as those we inflict on ourselves.

The person who has never learned to govern his own spirit will not improve his lot by moving to another location. He who runs away from trouble is sure to run into trouble—it is never left behind.

treats me swell. I tried to tell my wife I wanted a divorce, but I couldn't. She loves me, and we have a baby on the way. What can I do?—G.B.

A I'm sorry you married so early. I hope other youngsters will learn from your experience. However, marriage is a lasting covenant. Your vows still stand. You have a primary obligation to your unborn baby. Stop seeing the other girl. Change jobs if necessary. Give your wife all your love and attention. Don't think again of divorce. If your worries persist, look up the Family Service Association office in your city. You'll find it listed in the phone book. Ask for interviews with a trained marriage counselor.

Q *I'm 12, but have a teen-age problem. I like a girl. I went to see her and waited 15 minutes while she finished a comic book. Then she started reading another one. I felt left out, so I came home. Today she criticized me for leaving. Should I go back to see her?—E.C.*

A She was rude, but I'm sure it was unintentional. Many young girls aren't aware of the niceties of social life. You might suggest she talk with her mother about being a good hostess. Do you still want to be friends? If so, go see her again.

Q *I'm 19, a college sophomore, and engaged to a boy preparing for the ministry. My parents don't want me to marry him. He has a foreign name. They think only people with old American names make good husbands. Are they right?—B.T.*

A Be patient with your parents, avoid hurting their feelings. They are trying to protect you, even though I believe they are wrong. There are millions of men whose names are not of the old American variety who are fine husbands.

Q *I get good grades on everything except tests. When tests come I chicken out and can't think clearly. Because of low test scores I get Cs instead of As. What can I do?—H.K.*

A Perhaps the best way to get used to tests is to take many of them. Go to your favorite teachers and ask for copies of their old tests. Then take them

home and have your mother give them to you. Take a test every day until you feel more comfortable with them.

Q *I'm a boy of 15. My father still whips me with a strap. I'm bigger and stronger than he is. Next time he does it I'm going to clobber him. Would you blame me?—A.T.*

A Yes, I would. I can understand your bitterness. No one should use corporal punishment on a teen-ager. However, it is also wrong for teen-agers to use force on their parents. Two wrongs don't make a right. Your county probation officer has a counseling service for parents who are at odds with their teen-agers. Have your mother take your father there for help.

Q *My father is a naval officer, so we move about every two years. I've always wanted to rate socially. Now I attend a nice high school. I'm running with the top crowd. My boy friend is the son of a millionaire. But I'm not happy. Won't I ever be satisfied?—R.B.*

A You won't be satisfied as long as you worry about social status, or running with the top crowd. Such distinctions are artificial, and never bring lasting happiness. What really matters is genuine friendship, honest companionship, and Christian fellowship. Your minister will help you understand.

Q *My father was killed in a plane crash. Since then my mother has been drinking. I know she feels awful. Last night she brought a man home. He didn't leave until daylight. What can I do to help my mother?—H.A.*

A Your mother is emotionally ill, suffering from the shock of your father's death. Does she have a brother or sister, or are her parents alive? Get them to assist you. Try to get her to confer regularly with a qualified, sympathetic psychiatrist. She should feel better after each interview.

•

TEENS—*Dr. Barbour will "dig" your problems and suggest a logical solution. You can have the help of this experienced counselor by writing him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What is the 'Church Triumphant'?

The Christian Church is an eternal fellowship made up of generations who have gone before us as well as generations yet unborn. The Church now alive and at work in the world is sometimes called the "Church Militant" because it is on the march, campaigning against its enemies, losing battles but never a war. The "Church Triumphant" is the fellowship of those who have passed from this life in victory.

Is Jesus the only revelation of God?

Christianity has never taught that, and the presence of the Old Testament in the Bible is ample evidence. But other revelations—in nature, in history, in the lives of other prophets and teachers—are all incomplete and inadequate. Jesus Christ dwarfs the other giants.

These partial revelations were completed in Him. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1:14). Nothing more is required, if we understand what Jesus means for all aspects of living.

Yet, the difference between Jesus and the others is no mere matter of degree. Uniquely, he is Lord of life.

In *Jesus and the Trinity,* Walter Russell Bowie gives a telling illustration: When a flame is placed below a pan of water, it remains water until it turns to steam. A difference in degree has become a difference in kind.

How does God call us?

In almost as many ways as there are people to be called. These things may be said:

God calls us, not because we deserve a summons to any particular task, not because our talents are suited to it, or we have been trained, but because God wants us. No merit we happen to have, but God's love is responsible (Galatians 1:15).

God calls us for our own highest good (Colossians 3:15). He calls us to find freedom, not slavery; fulfillment, not frustration. We do not "give up" something when we are called; we get something we do not deserve or have coming to us.

God calls us into a fellowship (1 Corinthians 1:9) that includes God and man. Because of the call, and our answering, "Send me!" we have a new relationship with both the human and divine. We are made over by it.

Bishop T. Otto Nall, episcopal head of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, answers your questions about religion each month. He is a world traveler, minister, and former editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

MAY 7

Keep your heart with all vigilance; for from it flow the springs of life.—Proverbs 4:23

THERE WAS once a small village with a central point which acclaimed the interest and concern of all. There was an old man who rejoiced day after day as he watched the children play. His interest was in keeping clean the spring from which the villagers drank. A clean spring and pure water meant health and happiness for all, and certainly for the children.

Then a new idea spread throughout the village that the old man should not be allowed around the spring from which their children drank. Hence, he was asked to stay away.

After a few months most of the children of the village became ill. Careful medical research revealed that there had been an infiltration of impurities, giving off germs to the water.

After this discovery the old man was asked to return to his job of keeping the spring clean. In a short time the spring again was sending forth a stream of pure water to satisfy the thirst of the villagers.

"Keep your heart with all vigilance; for from it flow the springs of life," commands the memory verse for today.

Since the heart is the center of life and the pumping station from which the life-giving streams of blood flow, spiritual channels also should be kept open for constant communication with the living Christ through the Holy Spirit to prevent secular impurities from entering the deeper recesses of the heart and destroying the fullness of life.

From a clean heart, we have a clean mind, clean thinking, and clean living. Then, the love of God, as expressed through the life of Jesus Christ, is revealed.

Prayer: Help us, Lord Jesus, to be mindful of the many sins seeking to enter our hearts and impair the life-giving stream. Fill our hearts with thy love and a will to do thy will in every situation in which we find ourselves. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

—J. C. WILSON

MAY 14

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs 22:6

A PROFESSOR of mine in college was telling the class one day about the problems of rearing a family. He said that he and his wife had reared five children, and added:

"With all the mistakes we made, the amazing thing is that they have turned out as well as they have."

God has given man the gift of life. He said to man in the beginning, "Be fruitful and multiply." The Creator has given the creature the gift of life. It is then up to him to make the best of it.

The Lord told Solomon when he began his reign as king of Israel: "If you will walk in my statutes and . . . keep all my commandments . . . then I will establish my word with you, which I spoke to David your father. And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will not forsake my people Israel."

The Lord not only told man to be fruitful and multiply but He also commanded man to "love Him with all his heart, soul, and might."

How then do we go about training a child in the way he should go? Hannah offers us a good lesson (1 Samuel 1:27).

After the Lord miraculously gave her a son, she said, "I have lent him [Samuel] to the Lord." Children are God's gifts to parents. Should we not lend them to the Lord?

This was the secret of success in Samuel's life. His parents dedicated him to the Lord. He was reared on righteous principles and taught to revere the Lord. Consequently, we note in 1 Samuel 2:26 these words: "Now the boy Samuel continued to grow both in stature and in favor with the Lord and with men."

As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined.

Prayer: O God, grant us wisdom and guidance in the rearing of our children so they may grow in stature and in favor with God and man. Amen.

—JOHN S. MYETTE

J. C. Wilson
Birmingham, Ala.

John S. Myette
Lawrence, Mich.

Jordan E. Detzer
Lemon Grove, Calif.

William S. Sparks
Pueblo, Colo.

MAY 21

Whatever your task, work heartily, as serving the Lord and not men.—Colossians 3:23

THE APOSTLE PAUL had a bombastic, bossy, opinionated, and extremely temperamental ego, with a strong streak of fanaticism. He felt he was serving the best interests of men. His rewards were materialistic, earthy. He had unusual missionary zeal, trying to penetrate everyone everywhere with evil.

God's spiritual hatchet cut through Paul's barrier against Christ's teachings. He was converted and became an active, believing Christian. He was just as energetic as before but with a new purpose: serving Christ. The polarity of his personality was redirected toward a Supreme Being. Paul used the same mind and body but worked for God instead of against him. His value to God radiated from the spark on the Damascus road change-over.

Laymen and pastors often need a change-over spirit, a renewed dedication. In the clang of professional religious work our egos slip ahead of us, making us forget the command of Christ. We, like Paul and the premier, listen for more applause. We find ourselves using the church and college as self-promotional programs, full of noise and fury. We forget that we are barefoot pilgrims on a short earthly tour.

We all need to rededicate our lives and make them an offering to God, thinking less of the impressions we make on others. When we become converted or reconverted like Paul, we turn about and, using our God-given talents, make a dedication of our abilities to Jesus Christ. Our personalities gain new vitality and we untangle ourselves, working heartily with a single godly purpose, leaving results and rewards to God. God wants us to achieve our best selves as courageous servants.

"Whatever you do, put your whole heart and soul into it, as unto work done for God, and not merely for men—knowing that your real reward, a heavenly one, will come from God," translates J. B. Phillips.

Prayer: Everlasting father, have mercy upon us. We would serve Christ with renewed sacrifice and consecration. Strike all egotistical scales from our eyes that we may, like Paul, be blinded by thy loving light. In Jesus' illumined presence we pray. Amen.

—JORDAN E. DETZER

MAY 28

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control; against such there is no law.—Galatians 5:22-23

THESE WORDS of Paul remind us of a sentence in Romans: "Any one who does not have the Spirit of Christ does not belong to him" (Romans 8:9).

Those who possess the Spirit of Christ will exemplify Christlike qualities in their lives. The test of our belonging to Christ is whether there is growing in us "the fruit of the Spirit" as these are noted in the memory verse above: "love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control."

These characterize the Christian life as they are contrasted with "the work of the flesh" in Galatians 5:19-20: "immorality, impurity, licentiousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, selfishness, dissension, party spirit, envy, drunkenness, carousing, and the like."

According to Paul, the test of belonging to the Christian fellowship is to possess and show a Christlike spirit. Surely this is what famed medical missionary, philosopher, musician, and theologian Albert Schweitzer is pleading for when he says:

"What Christianity needs is that it shall be filled to overflowing with the spirit of Jesus, and in the strength of that shall spiritualize itself into a living religion of inwardness and love, such as its destined purpose should make it. Only as such can it become the leaven in the spiritual life of mankind."

Prayer: Eternal God, help us to grow and to produce in our lives those fruits of the Spirit which we see in the life of Jesus Christ. Amen.

—WILLIAM S. SPARKS

Looks at New Books

Francis Lee Jaques did this springlike illustration for William O. Douglas' new book, My Wilderness, *a testimony for conservation.*

SINCE THE King James Version of the Bible appeared 350 years ago (watch for next month's eight-page color-pictorial commemorating the anniversary), there have been many new versions and translations of the Scriptures. Americans are most familiar with the American Standard Version, completed in 1901, and the Revised Standard Version, which has been adopted widely since 1952.

Now, in the New Testament portion of ***The New English Bible*** ($4.95), we have a completely new translation into current English. Published jointly by Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press, this is the culmination of 13 years work by a group of distinguished scholars appointed by the major Protestant churches of the British Isles.

The project began in 1946, when the Church of Scotland suggested to the other British church bodies that the time had come to prepare a completely new version of the Bible, in contemporary English. A memorandum written at the time noted: "In the urgent task of evangelism, one main difficulty of the Church is the difference between the language customarily used by the Church and English as currently spoken. . . . There is a danger that archaic language may give the impression that the message itself is out of date and irrelevant."

The New English Bible doesn't have the magnificent poetry of the King James Version, nor the sonorous rhythm of the Revised Standard Version. But it has a crystal-clear integrity of its own, and the translation not only takes advantage of the great increase in knowledge of the Bible and the biblical era, it's also one the layman can read with new and excited understanding.

It's said that nobody in the world should be surprised to look up at any time and see **William O. Douglas**. The mere fact that he has been a justice of the U.S. Supreme Court for more than 20 years hasn't prevented his carrying on as hiker, nature student, world traveler, and writer. But there's one part of the globe this remarkably versatile man acknowledges as his first love: the unspoiled beauty of the Pacific Northwest, the Brooks Range of Alaska, the High Sierra, and the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho.

Justice Douglas tells of his favorite land in ***My Wilderness*** (Doubleday, $4.95)—the 12th book he has written on subjects ranging from politics and law to travels in Russia, Malaya, and other parts of the world.

Illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques, this book made me want to shake off the dust and grime of the city and take to the open road again. It's a powerful plea for preservation of the few places of primitive beauty left to us.

Germany between the Elbe and Oder Rivers is the land of Martin Luther, the country where Bach lived and composed, where Goethe made his home, where the modern German state emerged from Frederick William's Prussia, where great universities were centers of scholarship and culture for the entire world.

Today it is also the first battleground between communism and a predominately Protestant people.

The story of this struggle is told by **Johannes Hamel**, from 1935 to 1945 "illegal" pastor and student chaplain in the German Confessing Church, for the next 10 years pastor to students at the University of Halle, and now director of the Seminary in Naumberg. He's an extraordinary man, who has learned how to serve God in a Marxist land and now teaches others.

The convictions which guide Pastor

Hamel through Germany's greatest spiritual crisis shine like a beacon from ***A Christian in East Germany*** (Association Press, $3). This collection of his sermons, addresses, written conversations, letters, and articles has been translated by Ruth and Charles C. West. The latter, associate director of the Ecumenical Institute at Bossey, Switzerland, also served as editor.

The West German book trade awarded its 1958 Peace Prize to psychiatrist-philosopher **Karl Jaspers** for *Die Atombombe und die Zukunft des Menschen*. An elaboration of a lecture Jaspers broadcast in 1956, it has provoked savage attacks by opponents of German rearmament and the Western Alliance.

This important book has been translated into English by E. B. Ashton, and Americans can read it under the title ***The Future of Mankind*** (University of Chicago Press, $5.95).

Jaspers condemns all "departmental" thinking that lets scientist, politician, military man, or theologian make pronouncements about the bomb within his specialized field while disclaiming responsibility outside that field. The mere brutality of the fact of the atom bomb, he writes, must turn the thoughts of all men to the very meaning of existence, and by doing so it may force them to achieve a new political consciousness.

Of churches, he says: "In today's extremity, the best chance may lie in the churches, insofar as their members still believe."

But Jaspers warns of a great decision facing them: "Will they, unlike their predecessors in history, be moved by the unprecedented challenge to commit themselves and their power in the world—to hazard their own existence in the name of the God they talk about?"

The human dilemma, he believes, demands a rebirth of man. He sees the best chances for this on Protestant soil, "due only to the Protestant principle which approximates philosophy: no mediator; direct contact with God; universal priesthood—and a corresponding institutional dismemberment of the Church into many creeds and independent congregations."

"Mamma never prayed for anything she could get by her own efforts, or anything we could go without, and even now she didn't pray for bacon or money or fresh meat, or even milk to put on our mush, but she prayed for sugar. It is the sugar the children remember to this day; and if the angels up in heaven didn't know what sugar was in the beginning, they must have been very curious about it before Mamma got through."

So writes **Victoria Case** in ***Apple-***

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SERVICE

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sauce Needs Sugar (Doubleday, $3.95), her warm and humorous story of big-family life on a British Columbia farm at the turn of the century. Mamma Hammond's oldest "child" was Papa Hammond, and she had a "natural faith in the goodness of the world, and enough inborn optimism to drive him to a frenzy."

So it's not surprising that the Hammond family progressed from straits where they didn't have sugar for applesauce to become model landowners. Mamma even had time to campaign for woman suffrage. I enjoyed reading about this woman who relied unfalteringly on God's will—and her own two hands.

I Walked With Heroes (Holt Rinehart Winston, $5) is the aptly titled autobiography of General **Carlos P. Romulo**, and the tenth book from his versatile pen.

This "small man from a small country" has endeared himself to countless Americans—including many Methodists who have heard him at church conferences. His book shimmers with anecdotes, starting with those centered in the home life of the Romulo family in a provincial Philippine village. But none rings more significantly than his account of a breakfast with Secretary of State Stettinius at the UN Conference on International Organization in San Francisco. He chided Romulo, chief of the Philippine delegation, affably but firmly for opposing the veto clause for the UN constitution.

"In other words, Mr. Secretary," Romulo finally said, "those of us who are opposing the veto power are to pipe down."

Stettinius gave him a friendly smile. "Exactly, my dear General, if you want America in the organization."

The price was plainly marked, and Romulo opposed the veto no more. But he writes: "I still say it was wrong."

Here is history written by a man who helped make it. He's still making it. [See *How the UN Can Help Now!* September, 1960, page 14.]

Landscaping is to a house what cosmetics and clothing are to a woman, and I don't think I need to explain that remark to the married men among my readers. Nor do I need to explain that some landscaping, like some feminine beauty aids, is mighty expensive.

Not so the ideas in **Carlton B. Lees'** ***Budget Landscaping*** (Holt, $3.95). Here's an imaginative yet practical book for ordinary people who live in ordinary houses on ordinary lots.

The improvements, illustrated with before-and-after drawings by Patricia Maglott, came out of the author's budget landscaping classes in Mansfield, Ohio, but the principles on which they're based can be applied to every section of the country, or to any size and shape of lot. The author is director of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society.

When your children ask about the rowdy side of nature—hurricanes, tornadoes, blizzards, and the like—what do you tell them?

Kathryn Hitte has provided helpful answers in a book for young readers, ***Hurricanes, Tornadoes and Blizzards*** (Random House, $1.95). This is one of a series of easy-to-read science books for youngsters, but it's fascinating enough for parents, too, as it tells how these violent activities of nature begin, how man tracks them, and what precautions are taken to prevent the mass destruction wrought earlier in the 20th century.

Top This

With all their muscle
Husbands tussle
To wrest the tops from jars.
They puff and strain,
Endure much pain,
And possibly see stars.

But though they fail
With knife and nail
And mutter, "What's the use?"
Tops come right off
For wives. Don't scoff—
Who was it made them loose?

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Deserving of a place in any family library is ***An Outline of Human Relationships*** (Hawthorn, $5.95), by **Eustace Chesser.** In addition to being a practical guide to everyday living, it's virtually a short course in psychology.

Dr. Chesser starts with the period before birth, when the beginnings of all later relations are being forged, and examines the relations between human beings at each succeeding phase of life—in the family, in the school, in society, and in the world at large.

Through the entire book runs his recognition of man's need for religion. Without it or some equivalent, he says, a man is not fully oriented. Then, going beyond the viewpoint of the psychologist, he becomes a theologian in the manner of all thoughtful men and shares his own attitude:

"The aim of religion is not to formulate the idea of God in intellectual

terms but to enter into a personal relationship with the Divine."

Chicago, where the Twenties roared louder than anyplace else, is the scene of ***The Dry and Lawless Years*** (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). The city's shameful story is told by **John H. Lyle**, a fearless municipal-court judge who issued the first public-enemy warrants for the arrest of underworld czars and whose $100,000 bail bonds sent many a gangster to jail. The book, reflecting the times, is written in the blood-red prose of the police reporter.*

Emphasizing that even in the 1960s crime takes no day off, Lyle urges a new public-enemy drive whose best chance for success is "the formation of local crime commissions in every community." This suggestion, a tacit lack of faith in existing police forces, is an awful indictment of today's law enforcement—four decades after the terror-ridden reign of Al Capone.

For 150 years historians and novelists have been fascinated by the case of the queen's necklace. Four years before the French Revolution these priceless diamonds were purchased in elaborate secrecy from the court jeweler of France, presumably for Marie Antoinette and at her own instructions.

The necklace, not yet paid for, was delivered to Cardinal Prince de Rohan, first prelate of the Church of France. He in turn gave it to the Countess de La Motte-Valois, who claimed to be acting for the Queen. It was then handed to a messenger, supposedly from the Queen—and was never seen again.

The Cardinal, the Countess, and a flock of others were thrown into the Bastille. But in the orgy of rumor and accusation that followed it was Marie Antoinette herself whose reputation was most tarnished. The reputation of the French royal family suffered a mortal blow.

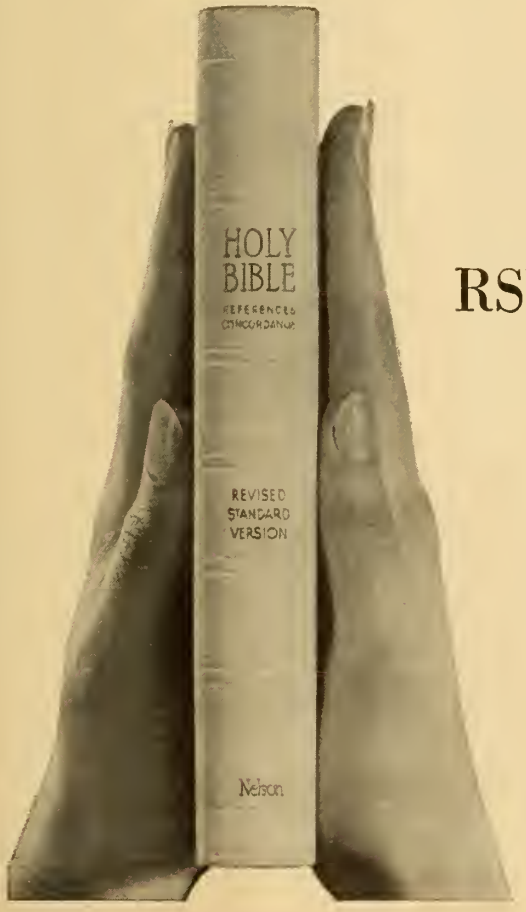
In the trial that followed certain of the accused were found guilty, but the truth has never been established. What happened to the diamond necklace? Was the queen involved? Who was the prime mover behind the conspiracy of theft and slander?

The entire mass of fascinating and conflicting evidence now has been collated by **Frances Mossiker** after five years of intensive research and seven trips to France. The glittering dramatis personae of the necklace affair were astonishingly literate and compulsively confessional—all with different secrets to hide and different lies to tell. Mrs. Mossiker has translated letters, memoirs, scandal sheets, briefs, newspaper accounts—even doodles by and about them—and presents their stories in their own words for the first time, weaving into them her own skillful narrative and analysis. It's all in ***The Queen's Necklace*** (Simon and Schuster, $7.50). Mystery fans will be enthralled, devotees of historical novels enchanted.

Sometimes I've been carried away by the oratory of a preacher, only to find his words didn't hold up nearly so well when I saw them in print. No danger of this with the sermons of the late **W. E. Sangster**. You'll find a choice collection of them in ***Can I Know God?*** (Abingdon, $2.75), and when you've read them you'll not question why this English Methodist minister was known as one of the greatest pulpiteers of our time.

Art should be a part of our lives, not simply set aside in a special compartment. So I like **Eric Newton**'s approach in ***The Arts of Man*** (New York Graphic Society, $5.95). In addition to the old stand-bys, painting and sculpture, his choice of 174 great works of art includes mosaics, tapestries, stained glass, ceramics, coins, enamels, glass, primitive masks, and illustrations

* *Truly it was, and the judge's "ghost" is identified in the 69th and last of the book's entertaining footnotes.*



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OLD AUTHORS, Dept. TR-5, Rowan, Iowa

and illuminations for books. The printing is excellent.

Many early Methodists were reading and writing men. They left letters, tracts, journals, even contemporary histories, that provide today's researchers with a clear and accurate picture of the church's history.

New Methodists especially should be interested in the most recent book that sums up this rich heritage. It's ***The Beginnings of American Methodism*** (Abingdon, $2.50), by **John O. Gross**, general secretary of the Division of Higher Education of the Methodist Board of Education. Dr. Gross traces the Methodist movement from John Wesley to the present in a way that makes his 144-page volume a source of both information and pride for new or longtime members of the church.

Of special interest to me, naturally, is the chapter devoted to the history of the Methodist Publishing House. This great publishing enterprise of, by, and for, the church had a small beginning, indeed. It was made possible when John Dickins spoke up at a critical point in the New York Conference of 1789 and saved the proposal from ending up as a mere dream. "Brethren," he said, "be of good cheer; I have one hundred and twenty pounds sterling [about $600], the savings of my lifetime. I will loan every cent of it to the Methodist Book Concern for the establishment of a publishing house to carry forward the Gospel of Jesus Christ by the printed page."

John Wesley had undertaken a similar program, successfully, during his ministry. With the printed page, the Methodist movement "lifted millions from a life of ignorance and brutality and made them intelligent and responsible men," according to Henry Betts. "It gave them some interest in books and music . . . many a man who would otherwise have been a mere brute was brought first of all to an experience of religion and led to study his Bible and read some of the books written by Wesley or recommended by him to his people."

The first man to reach the threshold of the stratosphere and sit there 32 hours to look things over before a terrifying descent tells about it in ***Man High*** (Doubleday, $4.50).

Lt. Col. **David G. Simons** is one of the space scientists who determined requirements for picking the seven astronauts, one of whom will ride a missile into orbit. His own venture into space was in 1957, in a balloon launched from an open-pit mine in Minnesota.

He faced 1,000 enemies: fear, panic, air turbulence, jet-stream winds, with the voice on the radio the only link to reality. The extreme heat in his cramped gondola, the fear of pressure failure or shock that might rip the balloon, loss of mental faculties in this unknown environment, the aches and pains—all these sensations are recorded in his story. Military reporter Don A. Schanche collaborated with him in writing it.

It's not in the South, but in the cities of the North that the American race problem is approaching its final focus in the second half of the 20th century, believes **Harry S. Ashmore**, who earned a Pulitzer Prize as executive editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* during the Little Rock crisis.

In ***The Other Side of Jordan*** (Norton, $3.50) Ashmore examines the status of Negroes in the North, the depressed mass in the urban slums, the rising Negro middle class with its special frustrations, and the maze of extralegal practices that still spell effective segregation in spite of contrary public policy.

The Fuller Brush Man is an American institution. One even talked his way into the presence of the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr., at Pocantico Hills, and sold the fascinated billionaire $42 worth of merchandise. The Post Office Department once wrote the Fuller Company to find out how it trained its door-to-door salesmen to handle dogs so successfully. Mail carriers weren't so expert.

A Foot in the Door (McGraw-Hill, $4.50) is the sprightly autobiography of the original Fuller Brush Man—**Alfred C. Fuller** himself, who couldn't get a banker to invest a dime when he started the business that now grosses $100 million a year. Fuller credits the application of Bible truths in his daily life for his success. And though not now a Methodist, his precepts came from Methodist parents and the Methodist preachers who were frequent guests at the Fuller farm home in Nova Scotia when he was a boy.

He tells his story with the expert help of Methodist P.K. (Preacher's Kid) **Hartzell Spence**, well known to TOGETHER's readers for his *How Methodism Grew Up* [November, 1959, page 49].

Several years ago **Frank C. Hibben**, a professor at the University of New Mexico, wrote a little book that made me realize anthropology is more than bleached bones. He does it again with ***Digging Up America*** (Hill and Wang, $5).

I have several friends who like to scrounge for arrowheads and stuff. I hope I can tell them about this little book so persuasively that they'll read it—and thereafter get even richer intellectual dividends from their hobby. That fellow Hibben can write!

—BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

PEOPLE WHO READ books need to talk about them. This is one great advantage the preacher has, for everything that happens to him including his reading becomes the stuff out of which he creates his sermons.

The best thing to do with a good book is to talk it over with a friend or discuss it in a group. It is stimulating and exciting. But if a book does not start our minds off on a dozen pursuits, it is not much of a book. The books this month have this characteristic. Even the one I want to be most critical of has stimulated my mind.

A SENSE OF VALUES, by Sloan Wilson *(Harper, $4.95).*

Sloan Wilson wrote *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* which became a best seller. He wrote also *A Summer Place* which left me cold as an iceberg. I approached this one unenthusiastically, but I was wrong. Here is a fine book which speaks to our time.

It is the story of a young couple who marry and become famous. Then come the problems and finally the divorce. It sounds very prosaic as I summarize it, but, believe me, it could be an allegory of the sickness of a successful civilization. It seems to meet everything head on with open eyes. There is nothing sentimental or unreal. The moral shines forth as inevitably as the sun. And that moral is that life demands we find some spiritual values if we are to escape destruction.

Here I go again, preaching, but my old heart is warmed by another book that makes me want to think and talk about it. If your marriage is on shaky ground, which the Lord forbid, read what a very perceptive writer says about what might be your difficulty.

THE INSPECTOR, by Jan Hartog *(Atheneum, $4).*

A few years ago a university president was under severe attack because of what some believed to be a very radical position. Some terrible things were said about him. I shall not forget what a newspaper editor said to me one day as we were discussing this shameful affair: "But cannot these fools see that this man is a good man?"

I felt that same way about the central character in this story which, in some ways, is a rather simple yarn. A police inspector leaves his job and his wife to take a Jewish girl to Palestine. The girl had been through the tortures of nazi concentration camps, and this man feels he must get her home at any cost. She is fairly young and he is an older man, so everybody is suspicious. But with persistence and patience he pursues his goal, and the reader looks upon the wonderful vision of goodness in ordinary life.

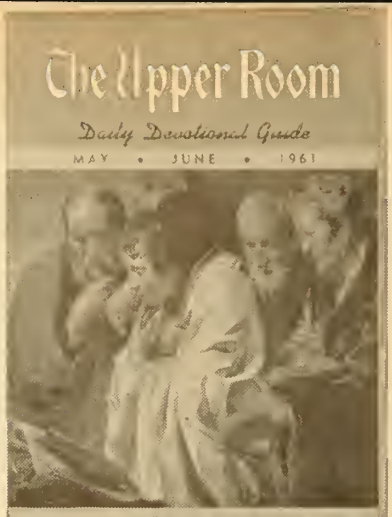
I tell you, brethren, it is something rare to read a book of this kind these days, and it is a wonderful experience. Let us thank God that there are still people who ignore appearances and their reputation in order to perform a good act. So long as there are such people, we can be saved. Now I must stop before the author sues me for turning his novel into a sermon.

THE WATER OF LIFE, by Henry Morton Robinson *(Simon and Schuster, $5.95).*

This is one of the best arguments for total abstinence I have ever read. The book is about whisky and although the late author never meant it this way, it turns out to be a mighty strong case against the liquor business. The main character is forced into manufacturing whisky because of economic conditions, and Robinson has launched a strong attack against some of the early leaders of prohibition.

But after all is said and done, families and friends of distillers were always ashamed of the whole business. The very nature of the thing encourages immorality, sexual laxity, and crime. This book is not for youth or the easily shocked. As a matter of fact, nothing would be lost if all pass it by. *The Water of Life* turns out to be really the water of death.

And now, brethren, you have had three book reviews and three sermons. Do not tell me, for I know already that we have had too much preaching for one *Browsing in Fiction*.



wherein laymen give their testimony

Here, in the annual (May-June) Lay Witness Number of The Upper Room, men and women from the four corners of the earth bear witness for their faith.

Each year, in this one number, the preachers and pastors stand aside and only laymen speak. The meditations they contribute are among the most inspiring of all the year.

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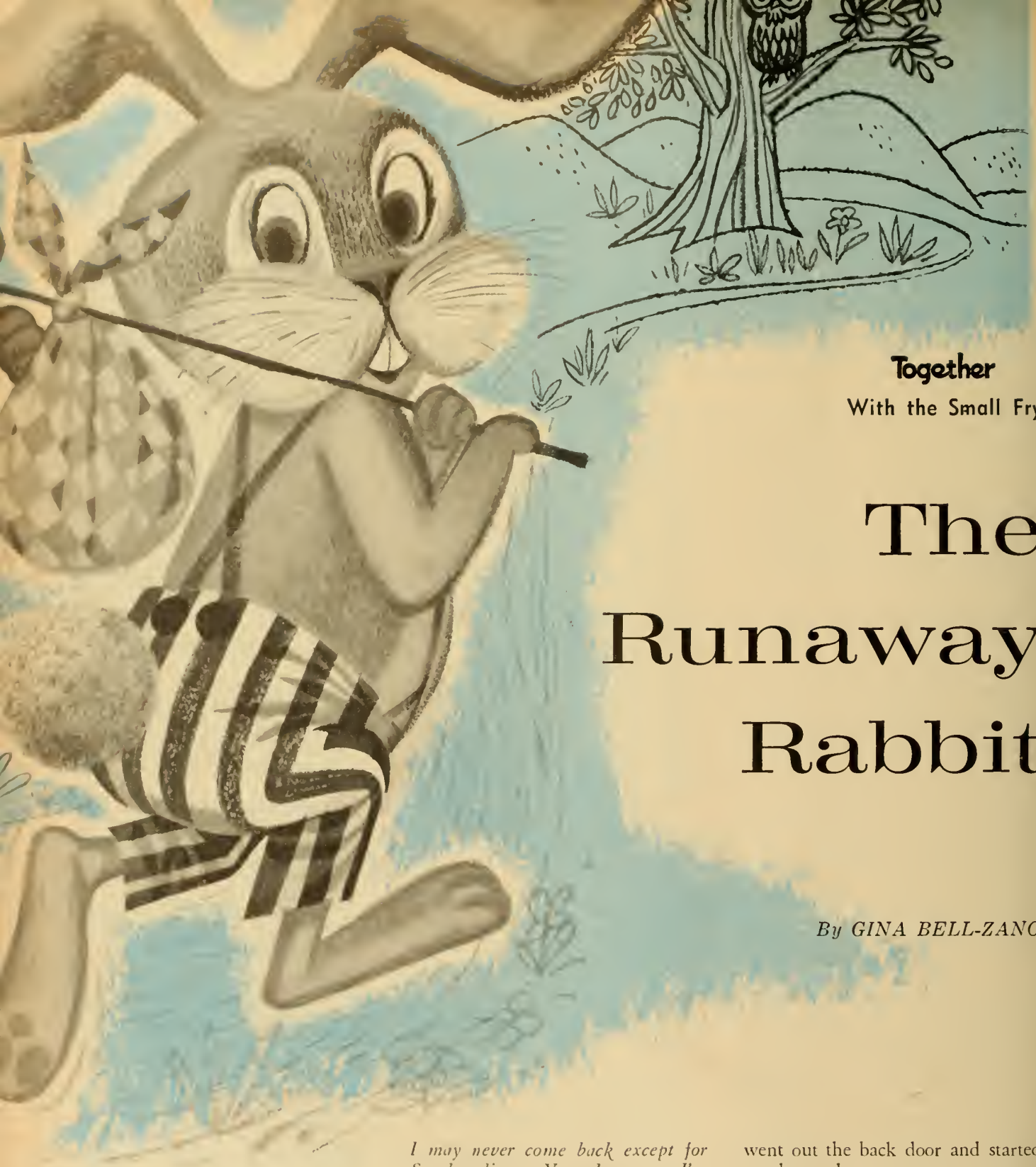

Together
With the Small Fry

The Runaway Rabbit

By GINA BELL-ZANO

RUDY RABBIT carefully packed his big bandanna with a carrot, a small head of lettuce, and a pawful of green beans. He knotted the bandanna carefully. When it was tied tightly enough to suit him, he sat down and wrote a note. It read:

"Dear Mother:

I am running away from home. I may never come back except for Sunday dinner. You always say I'm so rude. You always ask where are my manners. I am not polite enough to please you. No rabbit could be polite enough to please you. I hope you have carrot stew for Sunday dinner.

Your son,
Rudy Rabbit."

He folded the note in half and placed it against the clock on his bureau. Then, very, very quietly, he went out the back door and started up the road.

After a while, Rudy began to feel hungry. He sat down under a big tree and opened his big handkerchief. He took out the lettuce and ate it. He took out the green beans and ate them, too. Then he took out the carrot and began to eat it.

Suddenly Rudy had the feeling he was being watched. He looked to the right. No one was there. He looked to the left. No one was there. He

raised his head and looked up. There, sitting on a branch of the tree was a very big owl with very big eyes staring right at him.

"How de do," said Rudy, a bit nervously. He had never seen an owl this close before. The owl looked very stern.

"How de do," said the owl. He sounded very stern, too.

"Would you like some carrot?" asked Rudy.

"No, thank you," said the owl. "I never eat with rabbits who are running away from home."

Rudy was surprised. "Now how did you know that?" he asked.

"Well, Bunny Boy," said the owl, "a rabbit seldom carries food wrapped up in a bandanna unless he is running away from someplace. And the most likely place a rabbit would be running away from would be home, right?" Rudy nodded.

"And now, suppose you tell me why you are running away," said the owl.

"Well," said Rudy, "I'm running away because of my mother. She's too strict."

"Oh?" said the owl. "Just what do you mean?"

"Well, Sir," replied Rudy, "she's always saying, 'Mind your manners, Rudy,' or 'Where are your manners?' or 'You're being rude, Rudy.' She tells me to say 'please' and 'thank you' and 'excuse me.' It's just too much to remember all the time."

"I see," said the owl. Then he closed his big eyes tightly and thought for a while. Suddenly he opened them again and said, "Let me ask you something—who cooks good things for you to eat?"

"My mother," said Rudy.

"Who washes your clothes?" asked the owl.

"My mother," said Rudy. These were easy questions.

"And who takes care of you when you're feeling sick?" asked the owl.

"My mother, who else?" said Rudy.

"And what do you do in return for all this loving care?" asked the owl, looking very stern indeed.

"Well, nothing much, I guess," said Rudy. "But she is my mother, you know. All mothers do those things."

"Yes, I know," said the owl. "But do you really think it's asking too much for you to say a few polite words? Just things like 'please' and 'thank you' and 'excuse me'? They're only words, and it doesn't hurt a bit to say them."

Rudy thought and thought.

"I'm glad to see you're thinking," said the owl. "Now for a word of advice. Go home, Bunny Boy, go home to your mother."

Rudy tucked his empty bandanna into his pocket. He smiled. "I think that's good advice. I'll take it."

"And what do you say when someone helps you?" asked the owl.

"Oh, I forgot," said Rudy. "Thank you, Mr. Owl. Thank you very much."

Then Rudy waved at the owl and began running home. When he got there, he looked through the kitchen window before he went in. His mother was sitting at the kitchen table. Large, splashing tears were falling from her eyes.

"Oh, dear," he whispered to himself. "What a lucky thing I came home." He hurried into the house and ran over to his mother.

"Don't cry any more, Mother," he said. "Look, I'm home."

"Of course," said his mother. "It's almost dinnertime. You'd never be late for carrot stew. Not you, Rudy."

"Then please stop crying," said Rudy.

"I'm not crying," said his mother. "I was peeling onions for the stew. My eyes always water like this when I peel onions."

Rudy stared at her. She didn't seem to know that her son, her only son, had run away from home.

"Better tidy up for dinner," she said quietly.

"Yes, ma'am," said Rudy. He hurried into his room. There, just as he had left it, was the note. His mother hadn't even been in his room at all. She hadn't even seen the note. She didn't even know he had run away.

Quickly, he tore up the note. Quickly, he tidied himself up, brushing his long ears very neatly. Quickly, he ran back to the kitchen.

He sat down at the table. His mother placed a steaming bowl of golden carrot stew in front of him.

"Oh, thank you, Mother," said Rudy. "This looks wonderful."

"Why, Rudy!" said his mother in surprise. "How nice of you to say that. It makes me very happy!" She kissed the top of his head and sat down at the table.

"Well now," said Rudy to himself, "I think from now on I'm going to have a very happy mother."

And he did.

SKIP-ALONG POEMS

"Skip-along poems" are fun to say aloud when you're skipping home from school or jumping rope. See if you can learn Busy Fingers *and* Pockets. *Then listen to their words almost bounce right out of your mouth!*

Pockets

What are roomy pockets for,
If your name is Jack?
Toads and strings and rockets—
or
Something for a snack.

What are roomy pockets for,
If your name is Molly?
Mirrors, rings, and lockets—or
Something for a dolly.

—IDA M. PARDUE

Busy Fingers

My busy fingers
Learn to sew,
Paint a picture,
Tie a bow;
Plant a garden,
With small seeds,
Water it
And pull the weeds;
Bake good cookies,
Learn to play
A piano,
Sculpture clay;
Bind up bruises
For small Brother,
And do many
Things for Mother.

—Clarice Foster Booth

To learn how
to serve the sick . . .

YOUNG MINISTERS Go to the HOSPITAL

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The physician's job also is man—counseling him in the ways of good health, curing his physical ills, ushering his children into the world.

Because of this common bond, pastor and doctor long have appreciated the work of the other, knowing that together they labor for the well-being of the whole man.

One example of this fine relationship is a year-old program at historic Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, N.Y., the denomination's oldest [see this month's cover picture]. Here

Methodist ministers, incognito behind regulation scrub suits, watch an operation in process.

A friendly hello: The Rev. James Tallman visits the occupant of a remarkable wheel-like bed.

"Don't move! You're covered!" An energetic youngster greets the minister with six-guns and a smile.

young preachers learn to minister to the sick, the aged, and the infirm with a type of therapy found neither in medical journals nor laboratories.

For 12 weeks, they spend full days and frequent nights visiting wards, operating rooms, and other parts of the hospital. Some are ordained ministers taking a leave of absence; others are students who earn academic credit from their seminaries. All are part of a trend in clinical pastoral training in which 200 U.S. hospitals participated last year. House Chaplain Keith W. Keidel is credited with establishing the program at 80-year-old Methodist Hospital.

The reactions so far?

"Tremendous!" exclaims Field Chaplain Donald Stacey. "Patients soon realize that we are a church-related hospital."

From participating young ministers, comments are equally enthusiastic. "I've learned that our doctors are spiritual men," remarked one participant, "and they have learned that we pastors are human beings."

"Let us pray." Pastor Robert Dimond leads services in the hospital chapel.

Reading aloud from the Bible, Mr. Dimond helps brighten a patient's long day.

Hubby's hobbies don't always make a housewife happy. Here's one who decrees:

Don't Mention

"Soon we had pans of tadpoles, buckets of school-aged croakers, and sinks of superannuated bullfrogs."

OUR WEDDING gifts were barely stashed away in our small apartment when we launched the first of my husband's many enchanting (his opinion, not mine) hobbies.

"See this article on earthworm farming?" he asked, pointing to a feature in his latest copy of *Ride Your Hobbyhorse Full Tilt*. "It says here that what this country needs is more earthworms. Why, with a couple of dirt-filled pots and a colony of worms, we can turn a handy profit."

The diligence of these little wigglers, he explained in a rush of words, would make our soil so fertile that we could raise vegetables on our back porch, even supply the neighbors out of our surplus.

"Now," he said, pausing with the look I've come to know so well, "if only we had a few worms." His glance rested speculatively on the dirt-filled window box that had laid to rest more posies than the local mortician does bodies in a peak year.

"We'll not have worms in *my* home!" I almost shrieked, trying to keep my voice in a low octave, as all new wives should.

A few days later he came home bearing a carton gently cradled under one arm. Whatever thoughts I had of roses vanished when he opened it proudly to display our first colony of the little accordion-pleated creatures that never quite made snakehood. He just happened, he explained, to pass a store (10 blocks off course) which sold "healthy and happy earthworms."

Determined to keep them that way, we spent the next few hours pommeling, sifting, and soaking the crusty soil of the window box—tidying up, so to speak, their new quarters. I remember commenting, while pounding furiously on a petrified clod, "They'll certainly have to give their all to make this soil fertile enough to grow even a Jimson weed."

Whether they sensed the futility of their efforts, or we failed in our attempts to make them happy, we'll never know. With the possible exception of a few that managed to squirm over the window sill onto the ledge below, where they were captured as bait by the fisherman who lived downstairs, they soon joined their window-box predecessors—some short-lived posies—in the Great Beyond.

Even while we waited for the rubbish man to carry off the remains, my ever-alert mate heard of a couple who were raising frogs and selling the legs to local restaurants. His plan was for us to start with a pair of croakers, stand back and watch business boom, and one day take the big leap to our own frog farm.

"Then, I suppose," I said, ignoring the advice of experts about clicking your heels with joy over your husband's interests, "the male partner commutes 50 miles to the office while the ever-loving wife accompanies the frogs at the Steinway all day." He gave me an injured look.

And soon we had frogs.

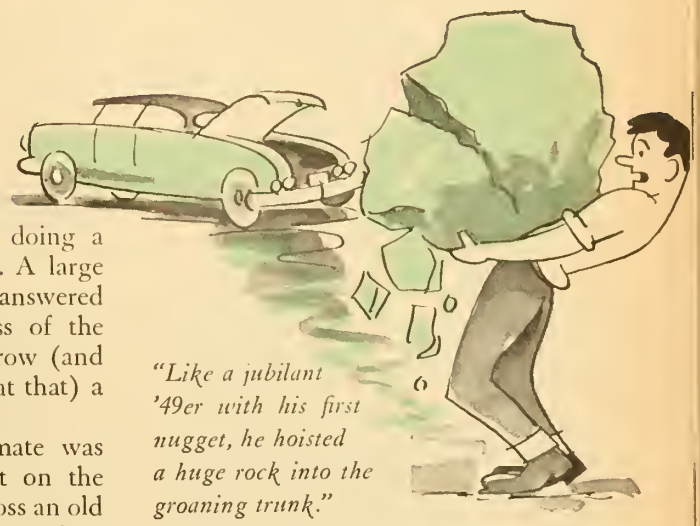
Just where he found his frog family, I never knew, but it wouldn't have surprised me if a Fred Waring talent scout had appeared to hire a husky, bottom-bass voice. Having no lily pond in our second-floor apartment, we rigged up temporary quarters for our guests in the far end of our oversized bathtub, complete with landing barge and canopy. They were barely settled before they went into full-scale reproduction.

Soon we had pans of tadpoles, buckets of school-aged croakers, and sinks of superannuated bullfrogs. But, instead of growing legs like Betty Grable, they developed lungs with the carrying power of the bull moose in mating season.

An apartment, even one with a Roman-sized bathtub, is no substi-

Hobbies to Me!

By DORIS E. KLOSS



"Like a jubilant '49er with his first nugget, he hoisted a huge rock into the groaning trunk."

tute for an old millpond. The landlord was explicit: "Either they go, or you go." We gave the frogs to lonely friends in the country.

There is no rest for the hobby-weary. Soon, my never-say-die adventurer heard the call of nature.

"Let's become gentlemen farmers," he proposed. "Tend our friends' lawns—for a sum, of course." Flexing his businessman's muscles, he added, "With power tools, mowers, tractors, and the like, there'll be nothing to it."

"And what am I supposed to do," I asked, "harness the tractor?"

"You can fetch the mower blades, saws, oil, edger, and—" he hesitated ominously, "bags of fertilizer." I could hardly contain my joy.

Inexorably, with rented equipment, we tackled our first project: planting grass in a friend's yard. Seating himself at the wheel of the tractor, my all-knowing husband started the engine, pushed a lever, and took off—backward.

"How do you stop this thing?" he screamed as he shot past, doing a perfect reverse figure eight. A large oak, strategically located, answered him, ending the usefulness of the tractor and halting in mid-row (and an extremely irregular one at that) a budding farm career.

As my undiscouraged mate was paying the last installment on the damaged tractor, he ran across an old college chum engaged in dismantling a nearby mountain, looking for precious stones, rocks, gold, uranium, or doorstops.

"Costs nothing to be a rock hound," the friend concluded his pitch. "And just think of all the fresh air and sunshine—and lots of pretty gems, too."

Visions of beautiful turquoise jewelry, agate book ends, and marble table tops danced in our heads, lessening considerably the weight of the pickax. I managed to maintain this heave-ho-let's-go spirit even after sliding down the mountainside on a cactus cushion.

The landlord, delighted that our current hobby didn't wiggle, leap, or croak, gave us unlimited license to line the walks and paths about the building with the fruits of our lapidarian labors.

" 'How do you stop this thing?' he screamed as he shot past. . . . A large oak, strategically located, answered him. . . ."

Together, we carted home boulders, jagged rocks, and hardened dirt that "looked like it might contain something interesting" until our car's rear springs couldn't even squeak. But *his* enthusiasm never slackened.

"One of these days," my rock hound prophesied, "we'll find something terrific." And he did, too.

"Obsidian," he announced, as he studied a vast expanse of volcanic glass. Like a jubilant '49er with his first nugget, he hoisted a huge rock into the groaning trunk. "This will make a beautiful table top with step tables to match. Real conversation pieces."

When the power tool slipped and the slab cracked, he said, "Oh, well—we'll have a couple of nice end tables."

A few more turns of the bit, and he spoke of "the lovely hot-plate holder" it would be. Then our treasured showpiece was reduced, in descending order, to book ends, paper weights, and a letter opener.

My private genius's masterpieces are small, it's true—about the size of dwarf garden peas. But everyone agrees they're real conversation pieces. Not many people own a pair of genuine obsidian earrings.

NEWS of the world parish

BEGIN STUDY TO RELATE FAITH, NUCLEAR AGE

Recognizing that religious thinking of past years has been outmoded by new developments, The Methodist Church has started an important and intensive new study of the Christian Faith and War in the Nuclear Age.

The study will be conducted by a commission authorized by the 1960 General Conference, which allocated $10,000 for the purpose. Its findings will be released for use in church-wide study programs.

Bishop Matthew W. Clair, Jr., of St. Louis heads the commission, which has a target date of January 1, 1962, to report to the bishops and to the sponsoring Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. The study group includes theologians, natural and political scientists, and church leaders.

According to Herman Will, Jr., the board's associate general secretary for the Division of Peace and World Order, the commission will study important documents from sources around the world, including the National and the World Council of Churches, European churches, and the former Federal Council of Churches.

Commission members emphasized that the report should deal with The Methodist Church in its world setting, and that theology should permeate it as much as possible. They felt the church to date has not really faced up to problems of the nuclear age or tried to relate them to Christianity.

The study's key subjects, each with several subtopics, are: Nuclear War and Christian Faith; A Christian Evaluation of Present U.S. Policy; Constructive Alternatives for War, and Responsibility of the Church and Christians. (See *Atoms Into Plowshares*, John H. Martin, TOGETHER, April, 1961.)

In addition to Bishop Clair, other officers of the new commission are Bishop W. Ralph Ward of the Syracuse Area, vice-chairman, and Dr. John E. Marvin, editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, secretary.

Missionary Dies After Attack in South Africa

A Methodist missionary was fatally beaten and his wife injured when assaulted and robbed on a dimly lit street in a suburb of Johannesburg, South Africa.

The victims were the Rev. Lilburn E. Adkins, 64, of Kuttawa, Ky., who died the day after the attack, and Mrs. Adkins. She was hospitalized several days.

The Methodist Board of Missions said the couple was returning from a church service for native miners when they were accosted by two Africans. The attack took place in mid-February.

Mr. Adkins, a former pastor in New York and Minnesota, had been in Africa since 1930.

$25.6 Million for Others

During 1960, U.S. Protestant and Orthodox churches working through Church World Service sent $25.6 million in aid to nearly 10 million people in 52 disaster and strife-torn countries.

A detailed report released by CWS, a department of the National Council of Churches, shows that 298.6 million pounds of relief goods, valued at $25,623,275, were shipped last year. Purchased and contributed foods made up 4.2 million pounds, and U.S. government surplus commodities another 287.4 million pounds. Clothing, bedding, medicines, drugs, vitamins, and self-help supplies made up the balance.

Regular CWS project expenditures last year totaled $1.2 million and went for land reclamation, self-help loans, vocational training, handicraft production and sales, medical care and therapy, diet and health training, and housing.

American farmers and rural communities contributed cash, grains and other foodstuffs valued at $1,047,160 for needy people last year through the Christian Rural Overseas Program (CROP), a CWS unit.

CWS immigration-service representatives last year met 212 ocean liners and 298 transoceanic flights to welcome 6,745 refugees and Hong Kong orphans to the U.S.

Philosopher Expects Revival of Religion-Science Conflict

A professor of philosophy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology thinks there may be a resurgence of the conflict between religion and science.

Dr. Huston Smith, speaking at Wittenberg University (Lutheran related) in Springfield, Ohio, declared that contrary to a widespread belief that the conflict is over, it may become greater than ever.

Science, he feels, appears to have embarked on a program calling for creation of life, creation of minds as evidenced by the analogy between the mind and thinking machines, creation of adjusted individuals via drugs, tranquilizers and other chemistry, and creation of a good society via "behavioral engineering," subliminal or otherwise.

"I personally don't see how this fourfold program can be squared with religion," Dr. Smith said. "To the extent that it (the program) is taken seriously, God is dead; to the extent that it becomes validated, God will be buried. Far from being a thing of the

This year is the 350th anniversary of the publication of the King James Version of the Bible. This scene from the American Bible Society's film, How Our Bible Came to Us, *portrays the historic 1604 meeting at which the new translation was proposed. Next month,* TOGETHER *will highlight the event with an eight-page color pictorial on the English translations of the Old and New Testaments.*

past, the conflict between science and religion may be shaping up in proportions greater than we have thus far known."

NCC to Seek Better Hours For Religious-TV Programs

Better viewing hours for religious television programs will be sought by the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission.

The commission's board of managers has asked its staff to impress on broadcasting stations the value of scheduling religious programs at times which do not conflict with church services.

This, it feels, will make possible better industry-church co-operation in audience building and increase the number of church members able to see the religious shows.

Pointing out that "many excellent entertainment films are being made," the board also has requested that a program be developed for the selection and support of a number of films each year as a constructive way of stimulating production and patronage of better movies.

A suggestion of the commission's West Coast committee that the NCC or one of its units create a board to review and rate movies has been referred to the NCC's executive committee for study.

The board voted to keep the commission's West Coast office in Los Angeles despite an earlier executive committee decision to move it to New York. It also suggested the Los Angeles office be strengthened and adequately financed.

Dr. Harry C. Spencer of Nashville, Tenn., general secretary of the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission, is the new chairman of the NCC Broadcasting and Film Commission.

The BFC is an interdenominational agency through which 20 Protestant and Orthodox church bodies co-operate in the development, production, and distribution of religious-broadcasting programs and motion pictures. It also serves as a liaison with the broadcasting and film industries.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

MAY

1-5—North American Conference on Family Life (NCC), Green Lake, Wis.
7—Rural Life Sunday and Children's Day.
7-14—National Family Week.
9-12—National Convocation of Deaconesses, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
11—Annual meeting, American Bible Society, New York, N.Y.
11—Ascension Day.
14—Mother's Day.
21—Aldersgate, Pentecost, and Ministry Sunday.
24—Aldersgate experience of John Wesley.
28—Trinity Sunday.
30—Memorial Day.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program *Our Threefold Pledge*, by Mrs. Alan K. Laing; Circle Program—*To Give With Joy*, by Mrs. Howard Stickland.

Kresge Honorary Chancellor

Stanley S. Kresge of Detroit, Mich., chain-store magnate and philanthropist, has been named honorary chancellor of Methodist-related Florida Southern College.

The 26th man to become an honorary chancellor at Florida Southern, Kresge

Dr. Harry C. Spencer (right), general secretary of the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission, newly elected chairman of the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission, is shown being congratulated by Dr. Roy G. Ross (left), National Council general secretary. Watching is the Rev. Roy P. Adelberg, New York, Reformed Church, a BFC vice-chairman.

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$126,000 to $150,000	$1,600
$151,000 to $175,000	$1,800
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Name Your Hobby

This month we're catching up on a backlog of requests in two very popular hobby categories—giving genealogy and pen-pal enthusiasts a chance to have a field day! But you other hobbyists needn't worry; your specialties will be listed again soon in other issues.—*Eds.*

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Sally Scovell (11), RFD 4, Box 150, Coventry, Conn.; Margit Schuster (17), Dresdener Str 12, Bad Liebenwerder, Bezirk Cottbus, Germany, DDR, Jill Elaine Carr (11), 739 Leslie Ave, Salina, Kans.; Geraldine McNickle (16), Farnam, Nebr.; Constance Connor (13), 704 17 Mile Rd., Cedar Springs, Mich.; Diana Seal (14), RFD 2, Woodstock, Va.; Carol Schultz (14), 142 Third St., Proctor, Minn.; Janalyn K Lindley (10), 226 NW J. St., Richmond, Ind; Janie Smith (14), 1305 E. 12th St., Sweetwater, Tex.; Walter Haberland (17), Lauchhammer-Mitte, Starkesstrasse 2, Kreis Senftenberg, Germany, DDR.

Barbara Kerr (13), 42 William St., Kearny, N J.; Mary Jo Hoff (12), 1219 Doupont Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.; Connie Hoff (14), 117 2nd St, Proctor, Minn.; Nancy Rich (16), Delhi Stage, Oneonta, N.Y.; Mike (9) and Debbie (6) Sorenson, Filley, Nebr; Susan Lehman (15), Box 223, Ulysses, Pa.; Billy Madsen (9), 1311 W. 38th St., Davenport, Iowa; Billy Schumacher (11), 2820 Polk Ave., El Paso, Tex.; Becky Steenman (17), 2537 W. Sycamore Rd., Kokomo, Ind.; Janise Tustison, Box 120, Harlan, Ind.; Jo Anne Conrad, R. 2, Box 172, Wisner, Nebr.; Jill Hedges, Box 298, Kekaha Kauai, Hawaii; Judy Manson, Main St., Box 122, Eliot, Maine.

La'Ne Herndon (11), R. 1, Duluth, Ga.; Gale Coates (18), 307½ W. 3rd St., Yankton, S.Dak.; Margaret Hester (12), Box 319, Guin, Ala.; Darlys A. Pearson (18), 1013 Thirty-first St., Parkersburg, W.Va.; Bertil Nilsson (17), Lulsundsgatan 26, Lulea 2, Sweden; Carole Bierly (14), Box 27, Lamar, Pa.; David Roberts (17), 949 Elm St., New Haven 11, Conn.; Gail Gibson (9), 6938 Columbus, Minneapolis 23, Minn.; Janet Torelle (11), 920 W. Laurel St., Stillwater, Minn.; Kathleen Dykeman (12), 203 Kinne St., East Syracuse, N.Y.; Kay Rupp (16), Box 115, Manorville, Pa.; Bernd-Ulrich Richter (17), Grossenhainerstrasse 18, Senftenberg N L, Germany, DDR; Rosemarie Schmid (15), Halle 1 Saale, Robert Koch Strasse 6, Germany, DDR.

John (13) and Barbara J. (12) Maxwell, Glen Lardner, N J.; Shirley Gernhardt (15), RD, Box 147, Pittstown, N.J; Julie Cole (11), 54 Woodbine Dr, Newnan, Ga.; Rosy (18) and Adelaida (15) Estioco; Ophelia (10), Evelyn (8), and Armando (7) Tanganan and Rosindo Martinez (7), Carino Paniqui, Tarlac, Philippine Islands; Gloria Bock (15), 915 S Columbus St., Albany, Oreg.; Brenda Hultgren (9), Box 93, Marquette, Kans.; Peter Dietze (16), Berlin-Pankow, Obernburger-Weg 12a, Germany, DDR; Eileen Elhage (14), RD 4, Goodfellow Rd., Fulton, N.Y.; Judy (11), Carol (9), and Patty (8) Jacobson, 1900 14th Ave., Kingsburg, Calif.

Cynthia A. Outman (13), 505 Locust St., Desloge, Mo; Kenneth Law (15), 143 Latter St., Rangoon, Burma, Shirley A. Randles (10), 9658 Cortada, El Monte, Calif., Roger Greenway (14), 9 Post St, Haledon, N.J., Candy Roe (14), R. 1, Box 113, Goldendale, Wash.; Jane Morton (14), Box 539, Shawmut, Ala.; Donna (10) and Linda (13) Schwartz, Sprague, Nebr, Jim (14) and Joe (15) Ferguson, Box 136, Loyall, Ky; Judy Wessel (12), 1840 Bremen, Granite City, Ill.; Paula Razak (12) Collyer, Kans; David Hyde (12), RR 1, Seaton, Ill Susanna Wierengo (14), Box 102, Belle Glade Fla Paula Kozik (12), Box 447, Fredericktown, Pa

Karon Bailey (13), 4207 Decker Rd, Duluth 11, Minn, Brent Price (11) 306 E Exchange St, Jerseyville Ill Irene (13) and Roseina (15) Reed Box 264, Lansford N Dak, Rita Jo Campbell (11), 453 Ludlow St, Lawrenceburg, Ind.; Kitty Liber (9) c o Billie Liber, 254 N Moore, Claremore, Okla, Connie (15) and Patty (12) Weiser, 615 Rock Rd, Glen Rock N J, Barbara Henry (12), 528 Prospect St, Glen Rock, N J, Lydia L Bristow (13), RR 1, Sharpsburg, Ky.

Gisela Ullrich (17), Loebauer St. 50, Zittau Sa., Germany, DDR; Billy Jarvis (12), 51 College St., Butler, Ohio; Linda Knodel (12), 613 N. Rouse Ave., Bozeman, Mont.; Julie (7) and Tom (10) Wagner, 3339 Pierce NE, Minneapolis 18, Minn.; Deveron Kae Ihrke (9), 400 S. 12th St., Sac City, Iowa; Charlotte Nedved, R. 1, Tyndall, S.Dak.; Ronny Marr (8), Box 505, Shawmut, Ala.; Louise Hammond (13), 7649 Airport Blvd., Los Angeles 45, Calif.; Meredith Johnson (14), 509 Ramstad Ave., Minot, N.Dak.; Patty Weiser (12), 615 Rock Rd., Glen Rock, N.J.; Carol McKee (12), R. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, Tex.; Nancy Hagan (13), S606 Moore Ave., Verona, Pa.; Alice Hoskins (14), 524 Weyman Rd., Pittsburgh 36, Pa.

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Robert L. Burd, 1514 E. 12th St., Pueblo, Colo. (Burd, Sears, Tyner, Irons, Copeland); Mrs. Robert M. Heiberg, 16S Burtis Ave., Rockville Center, N.Y. (Graves, Freeman, Landau, Armbrust); Wilford F. Sizelove, 7329 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati 31, Ohio (DeArmond); Mrs. Leo Salters, 321 E. 8th St., Harper, Kans. (Pimlott, Gable, Bunnell, Salters, DeWald, Mangum); Forest E. Hilbert, 1515 S. Elm St., Casper, Wyo. (Hilbert, Miller, Saltzman, Hindman, Brinson, Keethley, Oneel, Birchfield, Areford, Groenendyke, Van Clief); Mrs. Walter M. Pitts, 573 N. 17th St., Noblesville, Ind. (Smith, Giles, Jacobs, Jacobsen, Relyea, Doolittle, Fryer).

James F. Dickson, Jr., 141 S. Mirage, Box 928, Lindsay, Calif. (Dickson, Chandler, Wallingford, Wolf, Wolfe, Shaffer, Schefferin, Hagan); Mrs. B. C. Bunker, Lipton, Iowa (Bolton, Ingman, Mathews); Mrs. Clarence Allen, James St., Cape Vincent, N.Y. (Covey, Booth, Boothe, Main, Morton); Evelyn Broady, R. 3, Tecumseh, Nebr. (Aft, Broady, Busch, Hauberg, Tarnow, Wagner, Zorn); Merle Ganier, 2108 Grace St., Fort Worth 11, Tex. (Abbott, Andrews, Comstock, Devereaux, Doom, Dupree, Everton, Ganier, Glenn, Goodlet, Gregg, Jarvis, Kidder, Knight, Merrill, Northrop, Robichaux, Stewart); F. G. Riley, 1035 N. Oakland Ave., Decatur, Ill. (Riley, Geer, Lientz, Colden, Dawkins, Hutchinson, Leep).

Mrs. B. Fielden Thompson, 3711 Franklin Ave., Des Moines 10, Iowa (Arnold, Boring, Coward, Crowther, Cuttell, Ferguson, Harding, Holland, McCallum, McNaughton, Purkhiser, Sinclair, Shockley, Thompson); Mrs. Raymond Hatch, RD 2, Forksville, Pa. (Baily, Carter, Hatch, Bacorn, Beckhorn, Austin, Morse, Morris, Wheaton); Mrs. John Boyett, Box 237, Galatia, Ill. (Shook); Russell Lang, Casilla 2-D, Angol, Chile (Clark, Cresap, Cross, Foster, Lang, Loomis, Skinner, Tucker, Whisinand, Wilson); Mrs. Roy Carroll, RFD, Cheyenne Wells, Colo. (Winstead, Winsted, Gillenwaters, Kinkade, Fincher, Dickson, Lott, Lawson); Mrs. Richard E. Witter, 103 Madison St., Muscatine, Iowa (Morris, Headlee, Houghton, Smith, Dodge, Crane, McOuat, Witter, Koelsch).

Mrs. Frank Eads, 101 N. Tenth St., Princeton, Ind. (Davis, McMickle, Russell, Collins, Wininger, Pinnick, Harmon, Belcher, Trusty, Suddarth, Suddath, Stroud, McFarland, Robinson, Mitchell, Webb); Mrs. Alvin H. Petitt, 127 Andrew, Jerseyville, Ill. (Drake, Wells, Talbert, Scudamore, Lewis, Buck, Romine, Yates, Orr, Winans, Willett, Rhodes, Petitt).

Sidney F. Lush, 196 Oak St., Amityville, L.I., N.Y. (Lush, Carman, Bedell, Pettit, Teller, Tichenor, Pugsley, Hart, Bogart, Austin, Barto, Fields, Haight, Crafts, Brooks, Verity, Mondon, Dorlon, Haines); Mrs. John C. Botsford, 628 Michigan Ave., Leavenworth, Kans. (Botsford, Stone, Wheeler, Grey, Gray, Munday, Mundy, Cox, Norris, Chambers, Evans, Armstrong, Sheldon, Maxwell, Beard), Mrs. Wesley D. Smith, 7812 Yorktown Pl., Los Angeles 45, Calif. (Abbott, Aiken, Brown, Carlson, Clapper, Cleveland, Evans, Farr, Foster, Henry, Howard, Hubbard, Hughes, Johnson, Knight, Lee Lipscomb Neer, Newell, Stark, Throop).

is vice-chairman of the S. S. Kresge Co. board of directors and president of the Kresge Foundation, a leading benefactor of educational and religious institutions. He is an active member of Detroit's Metropolitan Methodist Church.

Heads Hospital Association

Dr. Edward P. O'Rear of Los Angeles is the new president of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes. He succeeds Dr. Bolton Boone of Dallas, Texas.

A Methodist minister, Dr. O'Rear has been general manager of Pacific Homes, Inc., since 1953. He was a special consultant at the recent White House Conference on the Aging. Pacific Homes supervises eight homes for older persons in southern California, Arizona, and Hawaii.

Other officers elected were: Dr. F. Reid Isaac of Baltimore, Md., president-elect for 1962; Donald W. Cordes of Des Moines, vice-president; and M. T. Lambeth of Winston-Salem, N.C., secretary.

The Rev. William A. Hammitt of Normal, Ill., was re-elected treasurer of the association, an organization of 244 hospitals and homes affiliated with the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes.

Churches Get Disaster Aid

The Small Business Administration has approved disaster loans totaling $66,600 for five churches whose sanctuaries were destroyed by hurricanes and tornadoes.

Included in the loans was one of $8,000 to the Meriden (Kans.) Methodist Church.

Methodist Groups Plan Summer Overseas Trips

Increased interest in the Holy Land and in the beginnings of Methodism, plus the added attraction of the World Methodist Conference in Oslo, Norway, will take many U.S. Methodists overseas this summer.

At least 15 guided tours, ranging in length from 18 to 49 days, are scheduled between mid-June and early September. Many of them call for stopovers in Oslo.

Nine tours will take the travelers to places associated with the Wesleys and Methodist heritage in Scotland, England, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, and France. The others will include some of those countries plus Spain, Italy, Greece, Norway, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Israel.

Following are the principal tours, their leaders, and departure dates (unless noted, tour departs from New York):

Methodist Heritage Tours (24 days)—Darrell R. Shamblin, managing

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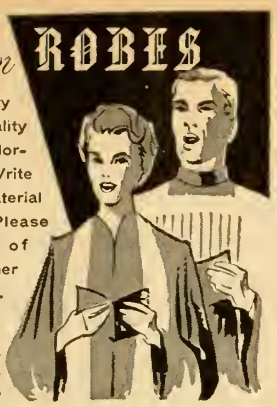

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Research has found ways to treat mental disorders once considered hopeless. Research can now go on and find ways to help *all* the mentally ill. *Help conquer mental illness.*

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

Give at the Sign of the Ringing Bell
(This Space Contributed by **Together** Magazine)

editor of *The Methodist Story*, Chicago, June 16; Dr. Arnold Olson of Ardsley, N.Y., June 30; the Rev. Thomas Roy Pendell of San Diego, Calif., July 14; Dr. James Uhlinger of Worcester, Mass., July 21; the Rev. E. Duane Hulse of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., August 25; the Rev. John T. D. Franzen of Brooklyn, N.Y., September 8.

Methodist Heritage Tours (49 days)—Dr. Alfred J. Gross of the Alfred (N.Y.) University School of Theology, June 23; the Rev. Cuthbert E. Haine of Pittsburgh, Pa., July 7.

Methodist Heritage Tour to Europe and Oslo Conference—Dr. David Wesley Soper of Beloit (Wis.) College, August 2 (by ship) and August 6 (by plane).

Holy Land Tour (40 days)—Dr. and Mrs. Virgil D. Morris of Oklahoma City, July 18. Itinerary includes Spain, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, France, and Norway.

Methodist Good Will Tour (46 days)—Dr. Karl Quimby of the American Bible Society, July 20. Covers 11 countries and the Oslo Conference.

John Wesley Tour (18 days)—Sam Adkins of Louisville, Ky., August 8. Includes Oslo Conference.

European Fellowship Tour (27 days)—the Rev. Robert E. Young of Fort Worth, Texas, July 31 from Dallas-Ft. Worth. Includes Oslo Conference.

Texas Methodist Tour (28 days)—the Rev. Carl E. Keightley, July 22 from Dallas. Includes Oslo Conference.

European Travel Seminar—sponsored by the Methodist Board of Missions to combine travel and study for 18 students, July 26.

Pilgrimage Associates Tour (28 days)—Bishop and Mrs. T. Otto Nall, July 30 from New York. Includes Oslo Conference.

Churchmen's European Study Tour (40 days)—Bishop and Mrs. Kenneth W. Copeland and Herman Will Jr., July 18 from New York. Includes Oslo Conference.

His 'Circuit' Is 5,000 Miles Long

The Rev. Joseph A. Keiper of DeLand, Fla., is not one of the astronauts training for flight into space, but he travels nearly as fast and as far as they will—down the Atlantic Missile Range to serve 2,000 men on 10 islands.

As a Methodist industrial chaplain, he serves a 5,000-mile-long parish.

Urges More Active Laymen

The layman should not go into church work as a spectator, but as a participant, says the president of the National Council of Churches.

Speaking to the Detroit (Mich.) Council of Churches, Irwin Miller declared," The layman who takes part in the policy and theology discussions of his

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Don't blindfold him!

THE MAN in this picture is a cancer research scientist. The device he is using looks like something out of science-fiction—but actually, it's an electron microscope. It shows him the sub-microscopic detail of a cancer cell—magnified 100,000 times. *The cost of one electron microscope is $35,000.*

Some of the equipment needed for cancer research, and purchased with American Cancer Society funds, is even more expensive.

The American Cancer Society grants millions of dollars for research to some 1300 scientists who are at this moment working to find the cause of cancer—and ultimately, ways to prevent cancer.

Your help is needed to enable the American Cancer Society to continue this support.

Don't blindfold cancer research. Give to it. Send your contribution now to CANCER, c/o your local post office.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

(Space contributed by TOGETHER)

church has a chance to make sense out of what he considers a useless existence."

Hymn Manuscripts Invited

Manuscripts of new hymn texts and tunes are being received for the proposed revision of *The Methodist Hymnal* by The Hymnal Revision Committee of The Commission on Worship. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Methodist Hymnal Revision Committee, the Rev. Carlton R. Young, Editor, The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville 3, Tenn.

The committee said that all manuscripts will be acknowledged, but none will be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

Coexist, Bishop Warns

Bishop John Owen Smith of Atlanta, Ga., told 1,000 delegates at the annual Methodist camp meeting in St. Simon's Island, Ga., that if the United States fails to find a means of coexistence with the Communist powers, the national anthem may become, "I Ain't Got Long to Stay Here."

Isolationism is dead, along with imperialism, he said, and although some people want to ignore the rest of the world it can't be done.

"We've been pushed under one roof and nobody has the slightest idea how to get from one room to another," he said.

Minnesota Survey Shows Church Affiliation High

Approximately 70 per cent of Minnesota's 3.4 million residents are associated with some form of organized religion, according to a survey by the Minnesota Council of Churches. The national percentage is 63.4.

Of the 2,456,396 persons, including children and adults, who claim religious affiliation, 61 per cent are Protestant-related, 34 per cent Roman Catholic, and two per cent each Eastern Orthodox and Jewish.

Methodists, who account for 11 per cent of the Protestants, are outnumbered only by the Lutherans, who have 61 per cent of all Protestant-related residents in 23 denominations.

World Council Rift Seen

The Dutch Reformed Churches of Cape Province and the Transvaal in South Africa have been urged to quit the World Council of Churches because of that group's "irresponsible pronouncements" on the government's policies concerning apartheid (racial segregation).

The suggestion was voiced by the General Synodal Commission of the Dutch Reformed Church of the Orange Free State, which said the WCC has no right to interfere in South Africa's internal problems.

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER has received this month two more names of people to join the Century Club. They are:

Mrs. Rhoda Port, 102, Fargo, N.D.

Miss Elizabeth Alderson, 100, Dubuque, Iowa.

Names of other Methodists, 100 or older, will be published as they are received from readers.

EUB Merger Vote Due

The Evangelical United Brethren Church's General Conference will be given a definite proposal for or against merger with The Methodist Church, according to Dr. Reuben H. Mueller, senior EUB bishop. The conference will convene in Grand Rapids, Mich., in October, 1962.

If the General Conference receives and approves a proposal favoring merger, Bishop Mueller said, it may authorize its commission on union to work out a plan and basis of union for submission to the 1964 Methodist General Conference and the 1966 EUB conference.

The Methodist Church is on record as favoring such a merger.

831 New Churches Needed

A recent major survey reveals that the Southeastern Jurisdiction of The Methodist Church needs to begin 1,043 church extension projects, including 831 new churches, during the next 10 years. The projects, including the sites and first units of buildings, would cost more than $50 million.

The survey was conducted under the auspices of the Southeastern Jurisdictional Council of which Bishop Paul N. Garber, Richmond, Va., is chairman.

Methodist Men Meet in July

A wide variety of discussion groups will be offered at the Third National Conference of Methodist Men July 14-16 at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Each registrant will be asked to select two discussion topics from a list of 46, which will include such subjects as *How to Conduct an Every-Member Visitation, Leading Men in Singing, Organizing New Clubs of Methodist Men,* and *My Job As a Commission Member* (with sections for each of the local-church commissions).

AMENDMENT XII UP FOR CONFERENCE ACTION

Many of Methodism's 100 annual conferences will be voting next month on a proposed 12th amendment to the Church's Constitution.

The amendment, approved by the 1960 General Conference in Denver and referred to all annual conferences for ratification by 1964, would result in several changes affecting the number of delegates to and meeting times and places of the church's six jurisdictions. Approval by two thirds of all members present and voting of all the annual conferences is required for ratification.

Charles Parlin, chairman of the Commission of 70 which proposed the amendment last spring to the General Conference, explains that the amendment was written with the idea of breaking a tendency toward provincialism and self-centeredness in the jurisdictions and of strengthening over-all church unity.

The new amendment would not, he adds, take away any of the powers and duties now assigned to the jurisdictions by the Church's Constitution. No change in that article (Paragraph 15 of the *Discipline*) is being made.

As proposed, Amendment XII includes provisions which would:

- Change the time and place of jurisdictional conference meetings. It provides that they meet at the time and place of General Conference (or at a different time and place selected by a jurisdiction, but not more than 60 days prior to the General Conference) instead of meeting after the General Conference as they now do.
- Eliminate the distinction between delegates elected to the General Conference and to the six jurisdictional conferences. Instead, the same persons would be delegates to both conferences.
- Increase the number of General Conference delegates to 1,400. Under the present Constitution a maximum of 900 are delegates for General Conference and an aggregate of 1,800 to the six jurisdictional conferences. The new proposal allows for 1,400 General Conference delegates who also would represent their annual conferences at jurisdictional conferences.

Action taken by the 1960 General Conference included approval of the report which summarized these as advantages of the proposed new system:

(1.) It would foster a spirit of unity in the church.

(2.) It would minimize the risk that the separate jurisdictions may become ingrowing and provincial in outlook.

(3.) It would bring more individuals into contact with the whole church.

(4.) It would make possible the election and consecration of bishops at the time and place of the General Conference, so all of the new bishops would immediately be introduced before a national church meeting.

(5.) It would make possible assignment of bishops across jurisdictional lines.

(6.) It would make it possible for a jurisdictional conference promptly to implement action of a General Conference.

Continuation of the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction is not dealt with in the proposed amendment. The Commission of 70, which studied the question, recommended in its report to the 1960 General Conference that no basic change in the Central Jurisdiction be undertaken at that time.

The report pointed out that under Amendment IX, already a part of church law, legislation and machinery already existed for abolition of the Central Jurisdiction.

After receiving the report, the General Conference set up a 36-member Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations, headed by Mr. Parlin, to study and promote Amendment IX and to report findings and recommendations to the next General Conference.

Chicago Attorney Elected to Methodist Finance Council

Samuel W. Witwer, Chicago attorney, was elected to membership on the council on World Service and Finance of The Methodist Church at a special Chicago meeting. He fills a vacancy left by the death of George B. McKibbin.

Mr. Witwer

Bishop Paul E. Martin of Houston, Tex., president of the council, presided at the one-day meeting of the 33-member body, which has responsibility for receiving and disbursing all general funds of the church.

The retired executive officer of the council, Dr. Thomas B. Lugg of Evanston, Ill., was voted the honorary title of "general secretary-treasurer emeritus."

American Methodist Tours

A 1,500-mile tour of American Methodist historical shrines will be conducted from June 13 to June 23 by the Rev. W. G. Smeltzer, Vandergrift, Pa. The tour takes its cue from TOGETHER's November, 1959, issue commemorating the 175th Anniversary of American Methodism. Many of the shrines to be visited were included in that issue's *Methodist Americana Map* [pages 61-68].

Dr. Smeltzer, member of the execu-

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tive committee of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies, says the first tour will be limited to 38 people. Other tours will be arranged according to the demand for them, he said.

All inquiries about the tours, which will begin and end in Pittsburgh, should be addressed to Dr. Smeltzer, 203 Washington Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.

NCC Approves Birth Control

Use of artificial birth-control methods for responsible family planning has been approved overwhelmingly by the General Board of the National Council of Churches.

The board, official NCC policy-making body, also opposed legal prohibitions against dissemination of birth-control information and advocated U.S. government aid in extending such information, when requested, to any countries overseas.

The board's pronouncement on Responsible Parenthood was approved by a vote of 83 to 0, with Orthodox delegates abstaining by advance agreement because their communions recognize sexual abstinence as the only method of limiting families.

Students Told Space Age Demands a Vital Religion

Delegates to the Methodist Student Space Age Conference at MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill., were told that religion must remain vital and relevant, or forfeit moral leadership to the scientists.

"The question," said Dr. Leplie Kanatzar, head of MacMurray's biology department, "is whether science shall direct society, or society shall direct science."

Other speakers were Dr. Harvey Potthoff, professor of Christian theology at

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor, Christ Methodist Church, New York, and National Radio Pulpit preacher since 1936, receives Broadcasters' Fellowship citation from Miss Ella Harlee, Washington, D.C.

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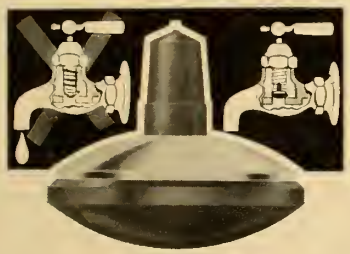

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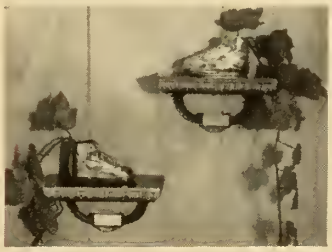

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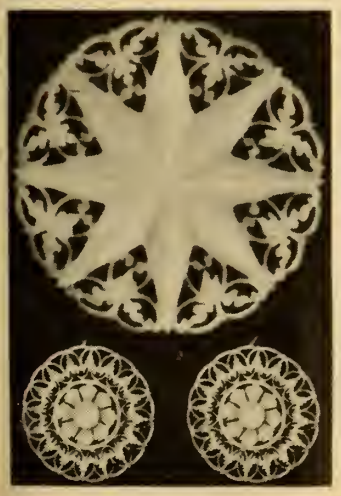

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Methodist Ham Loaf Goes Interdenominational!

The Episcopal and Presbyterian pastors got together over a good Methodist meal.

JUDGING by the hundreds of letters I've received since this department began, ham loaf is a No. 1 favorite wherever Methodists meet to eat. So this month I'm sharing with you a particularly mouth-watering version supplied by Mrs. C. F. Oldson of Salem, Ind. She says "it really strikes the men" when the Woman's Society serves it at Weir Memorial Methodist Church in Salem. What better recommendation?

Proof of the pudding—I mean the ham loaf—came when the same basic recipe (with one variation) scored a hit out in San Rafael, Calif. The WSCS of the Methodist church there served it to 98 official-board members from the city's Protestant churches. With the ham loaf that evening came spiced crab apples, baked potatoes, green peas, relishes, hot holls and butter, cherry pie, and tea or coffee. Cost per person—19¢ for meat, 88¢ for the complete meal produced by WSCS cooks and served by Camp Fire Girls.

The ladies should be forgiven for gloating a bit about the meal's success. Mrs. Paul C. Nelson, WSCS president, told me happily that when dinner was over and time came for speeches, one gentleman from another denomination stood to propose that for such interdenominational meetings in the future they be sure to have Methodist cooks. That's enough to turn any woman's head!

At Weir Memorial Methodist Church, the Indiana women serve a different menu with ham loaf: green beans, mashed potatoes, salad, hot rolls with butter and home-made preserves or jelly, dessert, and coffee.

Here's Mrs. Oldson's ham loaf recipe, for 50:

HAM LOAF

12 pounds ground smoked ham
4 cups bread crumbs
1 quart milk
1 quart tomato juice
12 eggs
salt and pepper to taste

Shape ingredients into long loaves and bake at 325 degrees for 2 hours. Half an hour before loaves are done, add a sauce made from the following ingredients:

1 cup tomato catsup
¼ cup vinegar
¼ cup prepared mustard
1 cup brown sugar

Out in San Rafael, Mrs. Norman Campbell and Mrs. J. C. Hanssen, who made the ham loaf there, varied the recipe by using nine pounds of ham and three pounds of veal. This gave the dish a "nice mild flavor," they reported, yet it had a delicate tang from tomato and mustard.

Remember the Chess Pie recipe in February [page 74]? Emory University recommends cutting each of the six rich pies made by this recipe into eight or nine pieces. Our picture showed a pie cut in six pieces. Sorry, and thanks to the reader who pointed out the difference.

Don't forget, *Feeding Fifty* is *your* feature, so don't hesitate to let me know when you think I'm wrong—as well as when you have successes, ideas, or problems to share with other Methodist churches. I'm counting on you, so do write me at TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.—SALLY WESLEY

Iliff School of Theology in Denver; Dr. S. B. Sells, Texas Christian University psychologist; Dr. Clark Eichelberger, executive director of the American Association for the United Nations, and Dr. Willy Ley, German-born rocket scientist.

The three-day conference was attended by 159 delegates from 14 Illinois colleges, universities, and area churches.

Understanding Needed

Churchmen must be cognizant of the revolutionary forces at work in all the world in order to understand the mission of the Protestant churches in Latin America, a National Council of Churches official says.

Dr. Howard W. Yoder, secretary of the National Council of Churches' committee on co-operation in Latin America, says further that there should be awareness of "the corresponding social upheaval . . . and the responsibility of the Protestant churches in the solution of the problems that face the peoples of Latin America."

A basic need for the Protestant Christian is a new interpretation of the Christian Gospel message, Dr. Yoder emphasized. "The Living Christ must become a reality in the lives of the people."

Protestant-church membership, he said, is increasing very rapidly in Latin American countries.

CAMERA CLIQUE

No Fuss, No Fluffs: Many new cameras have built-in exposure meters which automatically set the diaphragm. While these photoelectric marvels take the guess out of most fast-breaking picture situations (for instance, when clouds alternately obscure and reveal the sun), there are two considerations you should make when using them:

1. When many degrees of illumination light up a scene, the electric eye "reads" the brightest area. It won't expose properly for Aunt Agnes, there in the shade of that banyan tree, if the rest of the scene is bathed in sunlight.

2. If you're planning to shoot indoors, remember most on-camera coupled meters won't read low levels of available light. It's best that your camera can be manually set, independent of the photoelectric cell. And—whatever you do—don't throw away your old meter! Use it for that old-fashioned, man-to-camera, critical work!

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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Korea's rugged hills surround the new Boys Town, giving it a sense of security and strength.

A New Home, New Friends for

That's Ick Hui coaxing Boys Town's pet pony for a ride.

ICK HUI 감사합니다!

KWUN ICK HUI is a Korean boy of 10. Until three years ago, when he was taken to Methodist-supported Boys Democratic Town on True Friend Island near Pusan, he had lived in city streets, staying alive by begging and scavenging. He still doesn't know where he was born and can't remem-

An American tractor helps the boys learn modern farming. They raise much of the food for Boys Town.

Noisy horseplay after a long day of study and work is a sure sign that bruised spirits are mending.

Younger boys attend classes in these temporary quarters; those farther along go to high school in nearby Chinyoung.

ber his parents. But now, at least, Ick Hui knows he is wanted and loved.

In September, 1959, Typhoon Sarah flattened the Boys Town community, washing crops, livestock, and buildings into the sea. Ick Hui and the nearly 200 other orphans weathered the storm safely in a shelter tower built only three months before. Immediately, the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief swung into action. Temporary housing was arranged on the mainland, and U.S. Methodists responded quickly to appeals for help. First Methodist Church of Hopkinsville, Ky., gave $8,000 to finance a full year's basic care for the boys.

Soon, Ick Hui and his friends will move into a new Boys Town being built on the mainland. But already they know that others care. This, above all, will help them grow into useful citizens.

Missionary Helen Rosser enchants Ick Hui and roommates, some of whom can't remember what their mothers were like.

The sleeping quarters are close, but so are the friendships so important to Ick Hui and his friends.

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Together / NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition

MAY, 1961

Vermont College Plans Big Science Center

Pick New Bethany Wing Cornerstone Committee

A cornerstone committee headed by the Rev. Alfred Thompson has been formed at Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, and is planning cornerstone ceremonies May 27 for the institution's $1 million wing.

Mr. Thompson is a member of the Bethany Board of Directors and pastor of the Goodsell Memorial Church, Brooklyn.

Committee members are Edwin H. Mueller, hospital president; Carl A. Bachmeier, vice-president; George Frederick, a member of the Board of Directors and chairman of the hospital's building committee; the Rev. Norman O. Edwards, Bethany administrator, and Miss Sally Niedhammer, director of nursing.

Public officials, civic leaders and church dignitaries will participate in the cornerstone-laying ceremonies.

Exterior work has been started on the new wing which is located adjacent to the hospital's main building at 237 St. Nicholas Ave., in Brooklyn.

The structure will house facilities for chronically-ill aged and maternity patients, a fully-equipped civil defense disaster room and a modern pharmacy.

An appeal has been issued to 268 churches in the New York East Conference to back the hospital's $300,000 fund drive for beds, furniture and equipment for the new wing.

G. Zetterberg Photo

The Rev. David Follansbee, pastor, greets Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke on his first official visit to his home church in Demarest (N.J.) The bishop preached the sermon for the Ash Wednesday service.

Wins Brotherhood Award

The fourth annual Brotherhood Award presented in Rockville Centre (N.Y.) went to Mrs. Sara B. Johnson, a member of St. Mark's church.

She started the Girl Scout movement in Rockville Centre 35 years ago and has been active in it ever since.

Mrs. Johnson is also active in interfaith work, is a member of the Woman's Forum of Nassau County, the DAR and Zonta, professional women's organization.

William N. Nichols Named Fund Campaign Director

A science building to be composed of 34 units will be the first construction in a development program at Vermont College, Montpelier, according to an announcement from President Ralph E. Noble.

William N. Nichols, chairman of the Science Department, has been named to head the faculty-staff-administration campaign.

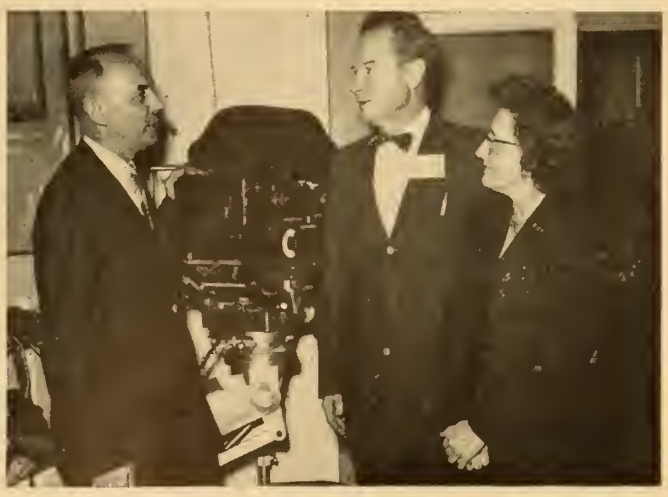
Dr. Noble, who is general chairman of the three-year pledge drive, points out that Mr. Nichols has served at the college for 10 years and adds, "It is largely through his leadership plus the co-operative efforts of the science staff that these programs have expanded to their present importance."

Mr. Nichols explains that the new medical technology program and the nursing program to begin in September have brought about "the urgent need for additional classrooms and laboratory space."

It is expected that 158 additional students will enroll in 1962.

Mr. Nichols will be assisted by Miss D. M. Harvey, Miss Velma Cochran, G. E. Rich, Miss Ella Sherley, Mrs. D. P. Rowe, Mrs. Florence Cutler, Mrs. Evangeline Johnson, Charles Connor, Mrs. Marry L. Darrah, Mrs. Della Hollingsworth, Mrs. Betty Paterson, Mrs. Charles Voigtlander, Russell E. Nims and Miss Marguerite Mandeville.

Nursing Director Sally Niedhammer wields a miniature trowel on a model of new wing at Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, as Vice-President Carl A. Bachmeier (center) and Administrator Norman Edwards look on with full approval. Cornerstone laying ceremonies for unit are planned for May 27.



Dr. and Mrs. C. Walter Kessler (right) attended a TRAFCO workshop recently in Nashville, which was directed by Dr. Harry C. Spencer (left) general secretary of the commission. Dr. Kessler is Albany District Superintendent and chairman of the Troy Conference Television, Radio, and Film Commission.

See page 77)

Named to Union Faculty

The Rev. James Mase Ault, pastor of First Church, Pittsfield (Mass.) since 1958, has been appointed Dean of Students and associate professor of Practical Theology at Union Theological Seminary. He will assume his new duties June 1.

Mr. Ault

A native of Sayre, Pa., Mr. Ault was educated at Colgate University and Union Seminary. He has done graduate work at Union and Columbia University. He was formerly pastor of the Leonia and East Rutherford (N.J.) Churches.

Mr. Ault gained prominence recently as the result of two "dialogue-sermons" preached with the Rev. M. W. Eckel, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, on the subject of church union as proposed at the General Assembly of the National Council of Churches.

THE BISHOP WRITES

What Is It?

"What is black and white and read all over?" The questioner was a precocious son of the parsonage. He inquired with all the zeal of one come into possession of world-shaking information. He little realized that such items live, grow old and weary with use, are laid away and then resurrected by a succeeding generation.

However, it is in this vein that I would ask, "What is it that has all the marks of the old camp meeting with its hilarious singing and hallelujah preaching; alumni day at alma mater; the old town meeting with its healthy discussion; the annual meeting of the stockholders of a thriving corporation policy; and yet is more than all of these?"

The answer, "The meeting of an Annual Conference of The Methodist Church.

Reunion of friends, revival of spirit, reporting of the year's activities in the columns of both victory and defeat, rededcation and reconsecration for the tasks that our Lord has laid upon our hearts; these are some of the marks of the Methodist Conference. It is His business, by His grace and through our labors, come to judgment. How rich in the lore of our yesterdays are these meetings. How filled with possibility!

The several Conference of this Area meet:

New York Conference—May 3-7—Christ Church, Park Ave. at 60th St., New York, N.Y.

Troy Conference—May 17-21—First Methodist Church, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

New York East Conference—May 24-28—Grace Methodist Church, Valley Stream, N.Y.

Newark Conference—June 7-11—Drew University, Madison, N.J.

Urge your lay representatives to attend the meetings faithfully. Inquire of your representatives, laymen and pastors, upon their return as to the "story" of the Conference. Remember these meetings in your prayer,

I beg of you,

LLOYD C. WICKE

Missionary Hurt in Fall

Dr. Mary A. Burchard, one of the missionaries supported by the Woman's Society of the New York Conference in Vrindaban, India, suffered a fall which kept her in the hospital for three weeks.

"There was some work which could be done in bed," she writes. "X-rays could be read and reports dictated, office work was facilitated by a temporary field unit telephone connection. . . . It was a valuable period for I realized what some of my patients have become accustomed to. . . . Perhaps best of all there was an opportunity for quiet thought and meditation, a time to take stock, to plan better ways of serving those in need."

Another letter reported by Mrs. Gordon B. Fear of Hancock (N.Y.) is from Elizabeth Beale, home on furlough from Cuba.

"There was no interference with the school program," she writes of that troubled country, "in fact many new opportunities are opening . . . the course that we have been teaching fits very well into the new 'secundario Basico.' We expect officialization of this program soon . . . our diploma will then be recognized by other schools and agencies. . . . We have never been able to secure title to the land . . . but now it seems that it might be possible to do so."

Pearl Palmer in Aligarh, India, reports in letters received by friends that after extensive litigation over the ownership of 67 acres of land occupied by the mission since 1890, "the court ruled that all of the land belongs to the mission."

"Now," she writes, "we can give the Christians a chance to own their own land and home. The buildings can be used for a Spiritual Life Center and our School of Accounting can move there."

'Papa' Santi Dies at 90

The Rev. Riccardo Santi, known to more than 9,000 children as "Papa Santi," founder of Casa Materna Orphanage in Italy, died February 15 at the age of 90.

Many Area churches will remember the tour the orphanage choir made in 1955 to celebrate the institution's 50th anniversary. It is now being administered by the Rev. Emanuele Santi, a member of the New York Conference and formerly minister of the Castle Heights Church in North White Plains.

"Papa" Santi is also survived by another son, Teofilo, of Italy, and a daughter, Mrs. Louisa Zaccaro of Crestwood (N.Y.).

A Window in Memory *pageant by Mrs. T. F. Ogden depicted 150-year history of Hudson Falls (N.Y.) Church. Members of cast (l. to r.) were William Goodrich, Mrs. Lloyd Gallup, Mrs. Edward Trimbey, Mrs. Will Dietz, and Mr. Trimbey. Sacraments are emphasized in Hudson Falls sanctuary (at right) remodeled at a cost of $108,000.*

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Carl Baumann

Seven Scouts received God and Country Awards at Union Church, Totowa (N.J.) Shown from left are Scoutmaster Milton R. Ziegler, Richard Johnson, Elvin Dreeland, Andrew Dreeland, Charles Griffiths, the Rev. T. B. Perry, pastor. In rear, Troop Committee Chairman Clifford Griffiths, Paul Caruso, Robert Van Way, Wm. Hyde II.

Sen. J. Caleb Boggs (Delaware) greets Luke Ashley, Larchmont, N.Y., and Arthur L. Tillman II, Prospect Park, Pa., after 51st Scout Anniversary meeting at White House with President Kennedy.

Newark on the March For $2,150,000 Drive

Two of the committees active in the Newark Conference Faith in Action Crusade to raise $2,150,000 are the Challenge Gifts Committee and the Speakers' Bureau.

The Gifts Committee met for lunch at the Commodore Hotel with chairman Kinsey Merritt and Bishop Wicke and a report was presented by stewardship director Howard J. Young on plans to appeal for special gifts in advance of the general drive.

Sixty persons attended a luncheon for the Speakers' Bureau at Drew University. Plans were formulated for a pulpit exchange in the fall to help maintain interest in the Conference agencies which will benefit from the fund.

New Horizons

Contracts for the construction of a new sanctuary at First Church, East Greenbush (N.Y.) have been awarded for the sum of $166,609.

Wesley Hall, a new education building, has been completed at Grace Church, St. Albans (N.Y.).

Chatham (N.J.) Methodists have completed plans for a $575,000 sanctuary unit in their long-range building program.

Several years ago it seemed that the Vailsburg (N.J.) Church might have to close its doors. Such an active program has been conducted recently that the church now has new doors. New carpet has been installed and other property improvements are under way in preparation for the 60th anniversary in October.

Drew Sets Music Parley

Drew University will hold its eighth annual Church Music Conference May 6 for organists, choir directors, ministers and others interested in church music.

The Rev. Arthur Haas, professor of practical theology, will conduct a worship service and others who will participate are Steven Prussing of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C., who will lead a reading of anthems; Miss Esther Mary Fuller of Paoli, Pa., who will give a junior choir demonstration; Dean Bernhard Anderson, who will discuss the biblical background for Mendelssohn's *Elijah;* Nellie G. Blassius of Summit (N.J.), William Burns of Maplewood and Lucille Manners of New York City, soprano.

The Drew choir will sing *Folk Melodies for Organ and Choir* led by Lester W. Berenbroick.

Dalton in New Post

Dr. Ernest R. Dalton has been named to the newly created post of academic dean at Centenary College for Women. The staff change will be effective September 1. For the last two years he has served as assistant to the president, and for three years prior to that was director of public relations. In 1956 he was president of the New Jersey College Association.

• Miss Sherry Anne Dixon of Oceanside, N.Y., has been selected as the entrant from Centenary in the best-dressed college girls contest sponsord by *Glamour* magazine.

• Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of New York City addressed a special convocation in observance of the 94th anniversary of the passage of the act by which the New Jersey legislature gave to the Newark Annual Conference the charter for the creation of Centenary.

• Robert W. Ferris of Caldwell has been named comptroller of the college. He succeeds Carl W. Tideman who has resigned.

• Mrs. Marjorie T. Bingham, biology intructor, is the recent recipient of three honors. She is included in the new edition of *American Men of Science,* and has been appointed five-year membership on the National Alumnae Chapter Committee of Sigma Delta Epsilon, honor fraternity for graduate women in science. She has been elected to the New York Academy of Sciences.

New Faces—New Places

Newark Conference

John Jameson to Eastside Terrace, Paterson, N.J.; Frederick J. McClement to Kingsley Church, Staten Island.

New York Conference

The Rev. Arvid P. Lakeburg to Bloomville; the Rev. Howard D. McGrath to Katonah.

New York East Conference

The Rev. Carl F. W. Kohn to Yalesville, Conn.; the Rev. Orrin F. Hall to Hartford, Conn.; the Rev. Wilfred Hansen to Stratford, Conn.

Troy Conference

The Rev. Kenneth P. Stevens, Sr., as associate pastor at Saranac Lake; the Rev. David Harris, supplying Ames and Sprout Brook.

A choir has been organized at the Bethel Home, Ossining (N.Y.) It is directed by Mrs. Ethel M. Jones. Mrs. Daniel D. Brox, wife of the superintendent, of the home, assists the contraltos.

(See page 77)

Drew's News

President and Mrs. Robert Fisher Oxnam will become campus residents late in June when they will occupy the President's House, located at the south west entrance to the Drew Forest.

Seven students of the College of Liberal Arts have been elected to Kappa Pi, the national honorary art fraternity. They are: Susan P. Carter of Englewood, David A. Cowell of Bogota, Michael D. Dudlar of Dover, Edward J. Londrigan of Springfield, Russell A. Miller of Clifton and John E. Snyder of Basking Ridge and Deidre A. Cummings of Litchfield, Conn.

Ian M. Hubbard, a graduate of the College of Liberal Arts, has been appointed assistant to the director of the college admissions.

Dr. H. Gordon Harland, associate professor of Church History, delivered five addresses at Brown University in Providence, R.I., on a program sponsored by the University of Christian Association.

The chemistry department has chosen Harry M. Kriz of Wayne, N.J., to receive the Chemical Rubber Company Achievement Award in Chemistry.

Miss Joan E. Clark of West Haven, Conn., a senior in the College of Liberal Arts, has been awarded the third prize for an oil painting in the seventh New Jersey College Art Student Exhibition.

Ancient History Unearthed

Members of the Drew University community have returned from completing their third season of excavation at Tell Balatah, the site of the ancient city of Shochem.

They were presented as members of the Drew-McCormick-American School of Oriental Research expedition, to King Jussein of Jordon by Dr. Awni Dajani, director of the Department of Antiquities of Jordan. With its staff of over thirty members, this was the largest archeological expedition yet to work in Jordan.

Drew representatives were: Dr. Lawrence E. Toombs, associate professor of Old Testament; Dr. James F. Ross, assistant professor of Old Testament; Dr. Robert J. Bull, assistant professor of Church History; and the following students in Drew's Graduate School: Maurice Luker, Henry Thompson, Jack Irwin and Dan Cole.

The discoveries of the 1960 campaign range over 4,000 years from about 4000 to 100 B.C. They include prehistoric campsites, dwelling houses, city fortifications, temples and palaces.

The earliest inhabitants of Shechem left no buildings in any area so far excavated. Hard-packed surfaces with bones and charcoal covering them, an occasional pit dug in the soft soil not far above bed rock, and a profusion of pottery show where they camped or lived in flimsy shelters.

The Short Circuit

The Rev. Matthew Gates of St. John's Church, New Rochelle (N.Y.) is driving a 1961 Temptest station wagon, a gift of the congregation.

Nathaniel Dickerson, concert singer and former tenor with The Mariners on Arthur Godfrey's program, is giving concerts in the New York District to aid the building fund of First Church, Stamford (Conn.) of which he is a member.

A few days after the parsonage of the **Rev. Walter Taylor** burned down in Voorheesville (N.Y.) St. Matthews Roman Catholic Church presented him with $110 collected during mass.

The Rev. Howard Remaly is the first full-time minister that First Church, Rahway (N.Y.) has had in 15 years. The church was on the circuit of the Rev. William Watters in 1774.

Carole Edna Crowley, chosen New York State Junior Miss for 1961, is a member of Coxsackie (N.Y.) Church and sings in the choir.

Men at **Trinity Church,** Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) were treated to a rare brand of pancakes at a church breakfast. Each five-pound bag of flour contained a gift packet of petunia seeds and the cooks sprinkled them lavishly into the first few batches of pancake batter—until someone read the label!

The MYF of the Johnsonburg (N.J.) church has donated a brass altar set—cross, candlesticks and offering plates to the church.

In the **150th anniversary** pageant at Hudson Falls (N.Y.) William Goodrich as the Rev. Sherman Minor used parts of a sermon actually preached by Minor at the church in 1850. *(See picture page A-2).* It was found in his saddlebags and preserved in a box.

The Woman's Society and Guild Circle of St. Luke's Church, New York City, has voted for the sixth year to sponsor a Navajo Indian boy through the Save the Children Federation for $10 per month.

Members of **St. Mark's Church,** Rockville Centre (N.Y.) wrote several letters and collected $122 to send the Rev. Lloyd Foreman who defied a white boycott of integrated schools in New Orleans.

In Memoriam

The Rev. William T. McGuire
Quakertown, N.J.
September 3, 1960

The Rev. H. Elliott Chaffee
Poultney, Vt.
March 10, 1961

The Rev. R. C. Williams holds award for distinctive service to Scouts on City Island (N.Y.) as Brownie Jeanne Hall holds certificate of troop sponsorship. Others are (l. to r.) Mrs. Herbert Lang, committee chairman; Virginia Payne, and Pauline Lang.

Five Canaan (Conn.) Scouts pose with the Rev. Ralph Grieser after receiving God and Country awards. They are, left to right, William Adams, David Grieser, John Topping, Myron Rust, Paul Hammer. They worked a year with their pastor for the badges.